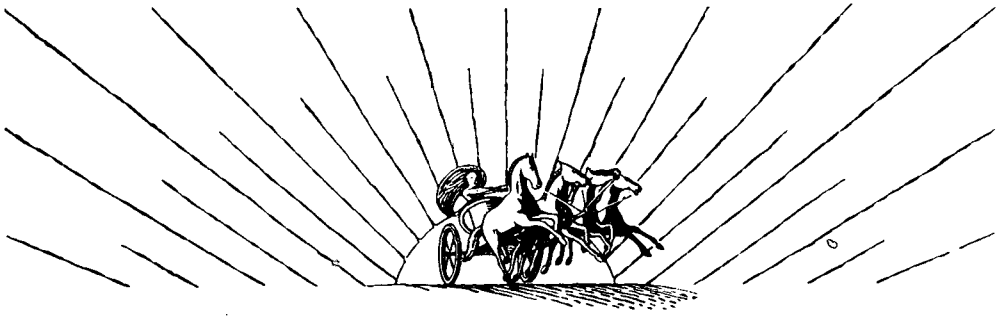

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL ; PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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Edited by Henry Goddard Leach

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

May 15, 1926

FOREIGN SCHOOLS IN TURKEY. Why has the Turkish government hitherto been tolerant of Christian instruction? Account for the change in attitude. What is the present policy of the Angora government? Is this of importance to Americans? State the reasons for your answer. What is the Treaty of Lausanne?

A DECADE OF IRELAND. Identify: Roger Casement, Joseph Magrath, Redmond, Mr. Devlin, Pearse, John O'Leary, Mr. de Valera, Michael Collins, Griffith. Explain the historical importance of Easter Week, 1916. Differentiate between the Irish Republic and the Irish Free State. Explain the allusions to Ulster.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT (II). Summarize the author's account of Siraisi's exposure as a spy. Who was Hiroto Minori, and how does he affect the story? Locate Chita.

A SOUTH PACIFIC POTSDAM. Locate the region here used as a setting. Explain: (1) 'the Fiji monarch who fifty years ago ceded his kingdom to Queen Victoria'; (2) 'the Melanesian Negroid features of the natives of Fiji.'

THE PASSING OF IBSEN. Who was Sir Walter Raleigh? What are 'Max's caricatures'? Account for the original enthusiasm for Ibsen and the present coolness. Report on what you may be able to learn about Scribe. Who said: '*Enfin Malherbe vint*'?

THE DEATH OF THE FOREST. Criticize the author's use of setting. Analyze his methods of individualizing his characters.

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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NEXT WEEK

IN VIEW OF OUR DEBTS TO AMERICA

By Attilio Cabiati

The Professor of Commercial Politics at the Business University of Milan analyzes the problem of Europe's indebtedness to America from some fresh points of view.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE *By Bror Centerwall*

Democratic simplicity has invaded or affected most of the remaining courts of the world, and, according to a Swedish correspondent, the Papal Court itself. The author draws an engaging portrait of the present incumbent of the Papal office.

TWO LEADERS OF LETTERS IN ITALY

By Aldo Sorani and Edward Storer

The eminent historian, Ferrero, has turned novelist in mid-career, and explains, in a conversation, what aims he has had in mind in writing his new romance. Pirandello — the Einstein of the drama — is described both as a man and as a writer. Though these two writers belong to the same generation, their dissimilarities are more striking than their likenesses.

THE GREEK WOMAN OF TO-DAY

By Jacqueline Bertillon

The eternal feminist has made her appearance even within the shadow of the Parthenon. A French woman barrister describes some aspects of the women's movement in Greece.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 329 — *MAY 15, 1926* — NO. 4271

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BRITAIN'S LABOR CRISIS

As we write these lines Great Britain is in the first stages of a great industrial conflict. Its issues will inevitably be misunderstood and distorted even in that country; it is far more difficult to appraise them intelligently on this side of the Atlantic. Our readers will recall that British coal-mining has been depressed ever since the war. There are many causes for this: the competition of cheap Continental coal, of electricity, of fuel oil, especially on ships; the depression of coal-consuming industries in Great Britain itself; inherited inefficiencies in the operation and the organization of the mines; and probably others. Two Royal Commissions have reported on the industry since the war. A strike was averted last year only by the Government's paying a subsidy, so large that it unbalanced the British Budget, to enable the operators to maintain the existing rate of wages.

The vital point in the present dispute is wages and hours of work; for the whole industry is unionized, and many things for which the miners have struck in America have already been obtained by labor in Great Britain. Behind this key issue, however, lie certain general conditions which determine it. The first of these is the complex question of organization and ownership. A powerful body of opinion, not only among the workers but also among certain middle-class and upper-class elements, favors the nationalization of the industry. Socialists naturally demand this, as a stepping-stone to further experiments in the same line. But many who are not Socialists in the ordinary sense likewise consider coal-mining a case demanding special treatment, where evils have arisen that cannot be cured except by the direct intervention of the Government. We need only bear in mind that Lloyd George and his wing of the Libearl Party, while opposing Socialism, take a similar attitude with regard to the ownership of land in Great Britain.

As a rule, British coal mines are operated on a royalty basis by companies that do not own the soil or the mineral wealth beneath it. The title to the coal *in situ* is encumbered with a dense overgrowth of British realty and inheritance law — trusteeships, primogeniture rights, and other encum-

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brances that have come down from the Middle Ages. Operators are often so hampered by this patchwork of titles in laying out their underground workings that they cannot win their coal economically. That is only one example, out of a score of others that might be cited, of the artificial and legalistic shackles upon the industry that the miners wish to have struck off before present working conditions are touched.

In respect to wages, the dispute is not only between the workers, insisting that they be maintained at the present level, and the owners, insisting that they shall be lowered, but also over the method by which they shall be determined. Payment is regulated at present on a system embodying the results of several successive agreements between the unions and the operators. After the war, when it was recognized that wages must be advanced to compensate for the rising cost of living, a national agreement was made fixing the minimum rate paid miners at twenty per cent above the standard wage of 1914. Three years later this was increased to thirty-three and one-third per cent. Meanwhile the standard working day was reduced from eight to seven hours.

Now the owners not only want this percentage reduced and the working day put back at eight hours, but they wish to substitute district agreements for a national agreement. They argue that in view of the great diversity in the cost of winning coal, and in the prices of coal mined, in different districts, only local boards can deal intelligently with rates of pay. As to the existence of such diversities there is no question. In some parts of the United Kingdom coal can be mined for three dollars a ton; in other parts it costs over seven dollars a ton. Some companies can sell their coal at the pit-head for eight or nine dollars a ton; others having a poorer market and producing an inferior quality must sell at three or four dollars a ton. Some have made a profit of a dollar a ton or more during the worst years since the present depression began, and others have lost money even during the best years.

But the miners insist on a uniform agreement for the whole industry throughout the nation, for two reasons. They believe that if the minimum wage is allowed to vary in different districts competition between the coal of these districts will be used to depress wages. They also believe that the owners' effort to substitute local for national agreements is due to their desire to break up the Miners Federation, on the divide-and-rule principle.

The British Trade-Union Congress has declared itself ready to give its full support to the Miners Federation in this conflict. Efforts are also being made to enlist the support of coal-miners in other countries, and probably of the International Transport Workers Federation, in order to prevent the shipment of coal to Great Britain during the strike.

*

RUSSIA'S DIPLOMATIC OFFENSIVE

COMRADE CHICHERIN has been a busy gentleman of late. Among other things, he has written a sharp letter to the Secretary of the League, declining the invitation to Russia to participate in the Preparatory Conference for Disarmament scheduled to be held in Geneva this month, in which he asserts that Switzerland has promised no better guaranties for the safety of his Government's delegates at the coming meeting than she gave when Mr. Vorovskii attended the Lausanne Conference four years ago. Yet Vorovskii was assassinated and his murderer was acquitted by the Swiss courts. Under the

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circumstances, he implied that the League's insistence on holding the proposed Conference at Geneva was equivalent to a declaration that it did not desire Russia's presence. 'One of the means taken to assure its failure is precisely this practical exclusion of the Union of Soviet Republics from the meeting.' The letter concluded with the following request: 'I permit myself in closing to express the hope that the League of Nations in the future will endeavor to invite the Soviet Government to conferences only on occasions when those in control of the League's policies really wish her to be present.'

Le Temps, in commenting on this letter, observed that, even if the Soviet Government had some superficial justification for refusing to send delegates to Geneva, its Foreign Minister had no grounds for the other insinuations in his letter. It attributed the Commissar's bad temper to irritation over Germany's Locarno engagements and her willingness to join the League of Nations. 'The truth is that the Soviets, preoccupied as they are with their revolutionary plans, imagine that the Locarno Treaty, and in particular the Guaranty Pact, will logically draw Germany into a great Western coalition and thus weaken the position of the Soviet Union.'

This interpretation, if true, explains the irritation with which certain sections of the French press in turn greeted the announcement that Russia and Germany had signed a new treaty. To be sure, this agreement is only one of a series of pacts which Moscow is negotiating with her neighbors. *Le Temps* nevertheless ascribes this accord to Chicherin's efforts to detach Germany from a West European entente, and attributes the sharp tone of Chicherin's letter to the League to his disappointment at discovering that he cannot obtain from Germany all that he hoped.

Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, which stands well toward the Right in the press ranks of Berlin, criticizes the London *Times's* characterization of Germany's new agreement with Russia as a 'reinsurance treaty.' It argues that no analogy exists between the present accord with Russia and Bismarck's famous treaty with the same country for the purpose of allaying her distrust of the Triple Alliance. 'A reinsurance contract, either in politics or in business, presumes a prior insurance contract. The insurance contract in Bismarck's time was Germany's alliance with Austria and Italy. No such alliance between Germany and any foreign Power now exists.' That journal concludes its discussion with the following sensible comment: 'It is a mistake to use high-sounding words like "East orientation" and "West orientation" in discussing this question, for Germany is not in a position to choose either an Eastern or a Western orientation. Our political understanding with Russia means the first as little as the Locarno Accord means the second. Germany's political object is to help to pacify Europe. Her geographical situation as well as her national interests enables her to help along things in this direction by bridging over, as far as she can, the present gulf between Russia and the rest of Europe.'

Moscow's negotiations have not been confined to Berlin. Her representatives at Warsaw, Helsingfors, Revel, Riga, and Kovno have been instructed to begin negotiations for guaranty pacts between Russia and the countries to which they are accredited. These contemplate three general treaties, one with Poland, another with Finland, and a third with the three Baltic States — Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. Her readiness to negotiate the last of

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these treaties represents a change of policy, for hitherto she has refused to deal with the Baltic States *en bloc*. The substance of these accords will be a mutual guaranty of existing frontiers; a mutual pact of nonaggression; a reciprocal engagement to maintain neutrality in case of war; an agreement not to join any coalition or alliance directed against the other signatory Power; the adoption of pacific methods for adjusting disputes; and a commercial treaty. Russia pushed her negotiations at Warsaw as rapidly as possible in the hope of coming to terms with Poland before that country signed her contemplated treaty with Rumania, which provides that each country shall come to the assistance of the other if attacked by Russia. Her failure to accomplish this, and the further fact that the Polish-Rumanian alliance is directed against Germany and Hungary as well as Russia, and is not conceived in the Locarno spirit, tightens the ties between Moscow and Berlin.

All reports from Russia agree that the Soviet Government is in the midst of an acute financial crisis. The nominally stabilized *chervonets*, we are told, is in fact depreciating and is held up in foreign exchange only by the arbitrary measures of the Government. No one can tell just how serious the situation is. It affects the superstructure of the Communist régime rather than the nation at large, for the latter has long since got down to economic bed-rock in the form of subsistence agriculture, where only a portion of the limited town population depends on a more elaborate system of production.

In order to meet the present crisis, the Soviet Government is said to propose a sharp curtailment of foreign imports, which will be reduced from over a billion rubles to less than seven hundred million rubles for the coming year. Credits to industries will also be curtailed in order to bring national expenditures below receipts. Several factories have been forced to shut down for want of raw materials. All but the most necessary passenger trains on certain lines have been annulled. Meanwhile there are stories of military unrest at Leningrad, where Zinoviev and his radical followers of the Third International have been reluctant to accept their defeat by the more moderate Communist element. Indeed, according to some reports, Zinoviev has been arrested. A court-martial and a couple of dozen executions seem to have quieted this discontent.

*

CATALONIA IN CATENIS

SPANISH Separatism, which most Americans, in case they have heard of this movement at all, probably regard as a disturbing secessionist agitation that aims to divide Europe's already dissevered territories into still smaller fragments, becomes something very actual and dramatic when one talks with a Catalan who has recently left his country. For the past twenty years a so-called 'Act of Jurisdiction' has been in force in Spain. It was promulgated by a nominally Liberal Government long before Primo's Directory-Cabinet was dreamed of, after the officers of the Barcelona garrison had sallied forth one night and wrecked the editorial offices of the two principal local dailies championing provincial autonomy. Instead of punishing the army officers for their lawless conduct, the Government decreed this 'Act of Jurisdiction' to legalize it. That law makes it a criminal offense to express orally or in writing, directly or indirectly, any sentiment that can be construed as favoring Catalonia's aspirations. If such sentiments are published in a newspaper, not only the

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owner, the manager, and the editor, but even the printer and the very compositors, are subject to the penalties it imposes.

Since Primo de Rivera has been in power the Act of Jurisdiction has been considerably strengthened by a royal decree 'against Catalan Separatism,' issued in September 1923, and by subsequent decrees, the latest of which was issued on the eighteenth of last March. Under these edicts a man may be punished by penalties ranging from a few months' imprisonment to death for offenses against 'the unity of the Fatherland,' the catalogue of which includes acts ranging all the way from flying the Catalan flag to armed rebellion. The preamble of the latest edict of this sort recites the history of the Separatist movement as follows: 'A third of a century ago the seeds of Separatism were first sown in the Catalan provinces, which long had been loyally attached to Spain. This seed, which at first seemed to promise but frail and weakly sprouts, has subsequently produced an alarming crop of troubles. That is because the indifference of some, the rebelliousness of others, and the egoism of men who place petty personal ambitions above all else, have fertilized the soil and encouraged its cultivators.' Much more dry legal verbiage — as we assume it is thought to be in Spain — precedes the list of penalties for various degrees of the crime of 'passive resistance' defined in the decree.

At the present time practically every official and member of a governing body in Catalonia is appointed directly by Madrid. The use of the Catalan language is forbidden, and several prominent Catalan lawyers have been exiled to cities in other parts of Spain because the Barcelona Bar Association refused to publish a list of its members in Spanish.

BRAZIL'S SECOND THOUGHTS

A FEW weeks ago, when Senhor Mello Franco was holding out obstinately at Geneva in defense of his country's claim to a seat in the League Council, the people of Brazil seemed to be unanimously behind him. There was great indignation against Germany because she was thought to stand in the way of Brazil's ambition, and it was even proposed to boycott German merchandise. But that suggestion was promptly squelched by the planting and exporting interests, for Germany happens to be the largest European importer of coffee, cacao, and tobacco, which are Brazil's principal products.

Since last March, however, the fact that the country has made itself unpopular both across the Atlantic and among her Latin-American neighbors has gradually filtered into the public mind. Consequently many people in Brazil are looking for a scapegoat for what they consider a serious diplomatic blunder. *Jornal de Brazil* — whose principal owner, Count Pereira Carneiro, is a strong supporter of the present Government, and whose former editor is now Minister of Finance — was one of the first local journals to grasp the situation, or at least to put it squarely before the public. Within a fortnight of the futile Geneva session its editor wrote: —

> We fear that Brazil's insistence has lost her the world's sympathy. . . . Everyone knows that the Spanish-American countries urged us to take a less intransigent attitude, and that the two most powerful statesmen of Europe, Briand and Chamberlain, made a similar appeal directly to our Foreign Office. Unquestionably their failure has left a residue of bitterness and indignation in the minds of all of them. Will this have passed by next September, or shall we be forced to face it at the coming League session? . . . In view of the extremes to

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which we went, it looks as if we could not renew our candidacy for a seat at that time. However justified our claims may be, our national respect will not permit us to take this step while the sentiment of the world remains as it is.

Returning to the same subject in a later issue, this journal declared it would have been more logical and expedient for Brazil to have yielded at the time that Spain did. 'That would have been the way to avoid incurring Europe's displeasure and to have improved Brazil's position at the September meeting, when our term as temporary member of the Council expires.' As things are, it will be the part of discretion, in the editor's opinion, for Brazil to refrain at that time from pushing her candidacy for a Council seat. These hints in the Rio de Janeiro press have been reënforced by cutting criticisms in the Argentine press. The censor has not permitted the latter to be quoted in Brazilian newspapers, but Buenos Aires papers circulate freely and are widely read in that country.

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MINOR NOTES

THOSE of our readers who recall the series of articles by Walter Mittelholzer describing his airplane trip to Persia which we published last year may be interested in learning that the Junkers Company has concluded a contract with the Persian Government giving it control of civil aviation in that country. The agreement provides for a five-year monopoly. The Company's planes and its accessories are admitted free from duty, and it is to have the exclusive privilege of carrying the mails over a number of specified routes.

A Masterly Feat
— *Notenkraker*, Amsterdam

America: Finance and Diplomacy
— *Saturday Review*, London

Free China
— *Izvestia*, Moscow

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FOREIGN SCHOOLS IN TURKEY[1]

BY A LOCAL CORRESPONDENT

EVER since the Crescent replaced the Cross on Saint Sofia, Constantinople has been the blending place of European and Asiatic civilization, of Christianity and Islam. The Turkish conquerors took for their use only the better buildings in the city, so far as these had survived the ravages of the pious Crusaders and the wreckage of their own assaults. Christians of both the Eastern and the Western confession retained many of their former churches and institutions. Their religious observances, their monasteries, their hospitals, and their schools were little disturbed. This consideration was due less to the Turk's tolerance of Christianity than to his easy-going indolence, and to his probably unconscious and instinctive desire to perserve a subject population which would pay taxes and would not go over en masse to Islam in order to share the privileges and immunities of the dominant race.

From the Turkish conquest until very recently the school was regarded as an appendage of the church. This applied to Christian as well as to Moslem institutions. Although all schools were required to teach respect for the constituted Turkish authorities, they nevertheless fostered the national spirit of their pupils. This explains why such bitter rivalry arose among the Greeks, Bulgarians, Serbs, and Rumanians living in European Turkey after 1870 for control of the church, and, through the church, of the schools; for whosoever controlled the latter had a powerful instrument of national propaganda in his hands.

When the Young Turks seized power and set up a constitutional government, they attempted to change all this. The school was to train up citizens for the Turkish nation, and the old freedom of the Christian institutions was to be curtailed. But this was slow work. The Turks lacked the teachers, buildings, courses of study, and above all the money, necessary to set up a public-school system; for hitherto they had paid nothing for State education. It remained, therefore, for the New Turkey born of the war to complete this revolution. To-day such Christian schools as survive must give their instruction in the Turkish tongue. They must follow the Government curriculum; they must conform scrupulously to elaborate official regulations. Clergymen, whether Moslem or Christian, are no longer permitted to interfere in school affairs. The Lausanne Treaty, to be sure, guarantees certain rights to the national minorities, but these rights are subject to the general laws applying to all citizens.

During Turkey's long period of decadence a great number of foreign schools, mostly associated with churches and cloisters, were established within her territories and gradually acquired an almost extraterritorial status. Monastic schools conducted by Roman Catholic monks and nuns spread all over the country and were solicitously propagated by Rome. They were not

[1] From *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily), *April* 3

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exactly missionary institutions, because Mohammedans seldom become Christians in any case, and because such conversion was expressly forbidden by the law of the land. Nevertheless, they were patronized by cultivated Turkish families, and great numbers of Mohammedan students of both sexes received their education in them. The instruction they gave was fragmentary and defective; the history and geography they taught were colored by the foreign sympathies of the teachers. But these institutions filled a gap that otherwise would have stood empty. They entirely neglected, however, to teach their students Turkish geography and history, and they gave no instruction in the Turkish tongue. This seemed natural enough to us foreign residents, for we did not need that kind of learning. A hundred Turkish words with which to get around the city and to make nceessary purchases met all our needs.

In this way a constantly increasing number of Turks acquired an education utterly alien to their environment. Foreign ambassadors presided at pompous school commencements, where they never failed to impress upon the departing pupils, for example, that 'generous France has placed the weapons to fight your battle of life in your hands. She is your spiritual mother.' No serious effort was made to accommodate these alien institutions to the real needs of the country. Whenever that was proposed, the members of the foreign diplomatic corps instantly united to oppose the suggestion, no matter how much they wrangled at other times.

After Turkey's victory over the Greeks, the French, and the English in their late war of independence this situation was radically changed by the Treaty of Lausanne. Her victorious commander swept away by force of arms the capitulations and other special privileges of foreigners, and subjected all aliens in the country to Turkish law. This was a bitter blow for the French and Italians, and even for the Americans, the English, and the Germans, all of whom had come to consider their special privileges in Turkey, including their right to establish and conduct schools without the interference of the Government, as part of the natural order of things.

The Turks whose opinions count believe that the growth of the State-school system will soon enable the country to dispense entirely with foreign schools. We all know how extremely nationalist both in thought and action the New Turks are. This sentiment determines their attitude toward alien institutions within their territories. In the old days we foreign residents were like spectators in a theatre box while the Turks presented their oftentimes bloody tragedies upon the stage. To-day our respective parts have been exchanged. The foreigners are the ones who obey the ringmaster while the Turks look on. So we may expect the natives to the last man to support their Government on the school question.

Beginning with the premise that church and school shall be absolutely separated, the clergy of all faiths are naturally forbidden to teach in or to manage educational institutions. The crucifix and the Madonna must be removed from the classroom; the flag of the Pope must be lowered. Instructors must pass examinations and secure teachers' certificates from the lay authorities. Every headmaster or headmistress must know Turkish, and every school must have Turkish-speaking instructors on its staff. The latter must be approved by the State authorities. A specified number of hours' instruction must be given weekly, in the Turkish

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language, in such subjects as the geography and history of the country. All regulations prescribed for State schools must be observed in private schools.

Of course, everyone connected with the latter has been shocked by these new requirements. The Government, insisting upon the very letter of the Lausanne Treaty, has refused to permit foreign diplomats, or representatives of the Vatican or the Patriarch, even to present protests against its programme. So the foreign institutions have been obliged to accommodate themselves to the situation; for at the first sign of recalcitrance the Turks joyfully seize the opportunity to close them permanently. That danger recently threatened the great English Girls' School in Pera, when the headmistress made difficulties about accepting a stuttering war-invalid officer as teacher of the Turkish language. An Italian boys' school objected to being assigned two Turkish schoolmistresses, and escaped being closed only by prompt submission. The teachers of another school received a sharp warning because sacred pictures were found in certain textbooks they used.

Probably some of these institutions will be forced to discontinue through sheer inability to adjust themselves to the new requirements, while others will accommodate themselves to the situation and keep on their work. But Angora's hand constantly grows heavier. Only the other day the Turkish authorities demanded that the budgets of all foreign schools be submitted to them, and hereafter will not permit any school in Turkey to receive funds from an alien church or a foreign Government. That will promptly put an end to several of these institutions.

A DECADE OF IRELAND[1]

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

TEN Easters ago, Ireland, full of wartime prosperity, stood heartily behind the three Irish divisions then in France, with twice as many Irishmen scattered through the services. Self-government, in a limited form, was guaranteed by the Act of 1914, and nineteen twentieths of the people were with John Redmond and his willingness to wait till the end of the war for putting it into operation.

But there was the other twentieth. On Easter Day ten years ago, Roger Casement had landed and been arrested; the Aud with her cargo of German rifles had been captured; and Professor MacNeill, head of the Irish Volunteers, was sending emissaries far and wide to call off the rising secretly arranged for Easter Monday. Yet in Dublin itself a knot of men, half of them poets, allied with a notable Labor leader and a Fenian eighty years old, were planning to strike in defiance of his orders. They hoped for nothing in a military sense; probably they never expected to hold out so long or inflict as much as they did.

[1] From the *Observer* (London Independent Sunday paper), *April* 4

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One of them, Joseph Magrath, afterward Minister of Labor, said in the Dail: 'We expected to be all killed; but we thought we should wake up Ireland.'

All of them believed that, if the chance of this war were let go by, Ireland's soul would perish, because Ireland had made no sacrifice for freedom. It mattered nothing to them that tens of thousands of their countrymen were taking the ultimate risk to attain freedom by other means. This in their view was a dishonoring compromise. It mattered nothing that the country at large would be against them; they trusted that England would so handle the situation as to alienate the country. And in this they were right. Mystics at times have terribly clear vision.

Every one of the men who were in that rising, Mr. Cosgrave not least of them, admits now that if the rank and file — many of whom had no idea for what purpose they assembled that Easter Monday — had been dismissed contemptuously to their homes, and the leaders treated as lunatics, the whole thing would have been over — unless indeed some of them had been lynched in Dublin streets, as was more than likely. It is hard to expect that vision should be met by equal vision; yet on those lines General Smuts in South Africa dealt with a far more formidable outbreak. And, once sympathy began to turn, the quality of the rebels' action made it come easy. It had been an impressive gesture, this defiance of England's might by little more than a thousand men, openly, in uniform. So much praise has been bestowed in England on those who carried the later stages of the movement to success that there should be no denial of it to the idealists who began what the realists completed.

And perhaps there is no use in speculating on what might have come about had they not unchained old hates. Only it is well to remember that the right of self-government had been conceded in principle, and no sane man can doubt that the Act would have been put into operation. The main objection taken to it was a pledge given that Ulster should not be forced under a Dublin Government. By the methods which flowed from the rising, Ulster has been more completely separated than was ever contemplated when Ulster demanded the pledge.

The Republicans did not win at once; but one thing after another played into their hands. Attempt was made in the summer of 1916 to put the Home Rule Act into operation for what is now the Free State. Redmond and Mr. Devlin succeeded in getting the Nationalists of Northern Ireland to consent to exclusion. But then the British Cabinet announced its refusal to be bound by the agreement between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George and the Irish leaders. That stopped one chance, and increased distrust of England. Something was done to offset it by the achievements of the two Irish divisions on the Somme; something more by the fraternization in trenches and billets between Ulstermen and the rest that winter. But months went on, and Ireland, causing no trouble, was forgotten. Major William Redmond moved the House of Commons by an appeal for settlement, but he went on to his death knowing that his sacrifice was unavailing.

The fault was partly our own. We could have secured acceptance for anything that Ulster would agree to come into, but we would not consent to let Ulster take her own way and her own time. After ten years we have learned that lesson, but have probably added ten years to the period of waiting. It will last for ever if Ireland is to be

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pinned to the Republican aim set out by that handful in 1916.

But even after 1916 England contributed to the success of that movement which Pearse launched. In 1918 the English Government refused to entertain the idea of financial freedom for Ireland, when it was asked through the Irish Convention by Irish soldiers and Irish constitutionalists. England proffered this liberty, with military rights added, to Republicans, when enough policemen had been shot. Yet their supreme service to Republicanism was when they imposed the name of conscription, against the protest of all Redmond's following, and allowed the reality of it to be defeated by the gathering forces of revolt. In that campaign, Ireland learned to take orders without questioning from members of an armed organization; and the organization learned what large funds can be extorted by threats.

Sinn Fein's triumph at the polls in 1918 was hailed as a victory for the men of 1916; and certainly the spectacular declaration of the Republic and election of a President were all in the spirit of Easter Week. But would Pearse have welcomed the drift into a lurking guerrilla war of ambush and assassination? It was much more practical than his effort; yet as John O'Leary, the old Fenian, said, 'certain things must not be done even for freedom'; and they were done in Ireland. Old Mrs. Lindsay, out driving, saw an ambush being prepared, and warned those for whom it was intended. She was seized and shot — justifiably in a military sense, for it added to the security of ambushes. But would the men of 1916 have sanctioned killing an old lady for doing her duty? England, also in her attempt to crush a revolt, was led — at least her representatives in Ireland were led — to forget that certain things must not be done even to restore order.

Between these two forces, the principle of 'freedom' and the principle of 'order,' Ireland was turned into a hell; and the most hellish things were often done by most conscientious persons. It would not surprise me if I found Hell administered with a ruthless cult of principle. Britain, to her credit, first gave way. Things were bad in July 1921, but could have been made worse; another minister might have tried to enforce surrender for the sake of principle; Mr. Lloyd George wanted settlement. So did Ireland. Mr. de Valera stood out for principle. Michael Collins and Griffith had to defeat their former leader, first in debate, then in civil war; but both were dead before the country, sweating blood at every pore, staggered through to the humanity of a compromise.

Possibly Pearse and his colleagues who launched this train of consequences would, if they were living now, approve of Mr. de Valera. I have no opinion of their political wisdom, and I am sure that, without the Easter rising, and what flowed from it, we could have had a compromise between Ireland and England different from this, and less fatal to illusions. Ireland has gained much, but has no pride of her victory. Her experience has left her dejected, bitter, and without gratitude to the handful of men who with set teeth have restored order, though not yet prosperity. We have no heroes living; and even those who died in 1916 are besmirched by the ugliness that followed.

And what waste! I think of four friends of mine, all of them executed. Pearse and McDonogh were natures of great refinement, both having the gift of verse — and Pearse something more, a quality of personal leadership and high chivalry. They were youth, their appeal was to youth, and wild work they made of it. The other two, Roger

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Casement and Erskine Childers, were, both of them, mature, and trained for great business; Casement indeed had handled great affairs in such fashion that he was a name in Europe. All four were figures proper to high romance, but among them they brought more material wreckage on the country that they worshiped than forty of the worst villains could have accomplished. For the moral results, I doubt if there is priest or parson in all Ireland who would speak of them with complacency. But leave priest and parson out of it. Mr. O'Casey's plays are a judgment. Some, through lack of insight, have condemned them as holding up his people to the contempt of mankind. It seems to me that in their deep human resentment and deeper human compassion they give shape to the thought of Ireland about Ireland — to her searchings of heart ten Easters after Easter Week.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT. II [1]

THE STORY OF JAPANESE ESPIONAGE IN RUSSIA

BY CAPTAIN NICOLA POPOFF

THREE days after his Sunday call at Siraisi's, Chao found a Japanese waiting for him outside the door of his house. This fellow stopped Chao and told him the following story. His master had discharged him in a fit of anger because he had torn a garment at the laundry. Now he had neither work nor money, and wondered if Chao could get him a job. Chao said he would mention him to a Korean laundry-owner whom he knew; but the Japanese declined, saying he was tired of washing clothes and wanted to make cigarettes, as that was his regular trade. He had heard that Chao was acquainted among the Russian officers, who employed men to make cigarettes for them, and asked Chao to introduce him to one of the latter. Chao promised to do so, and made an appointment to see him the next day.

When Chao related this incident to me I conjectured immediately that Siraisi wanted to procure the map of Japan of which Chao had told him. His agent was to get admission to the officer's lodgings as a cigarette-maker and then steal it. Possibly, also, Siraisi wished to discover whether Chao really had as many acquaintances among the Russian officers as he pretended to have.

Acting under my instructions, Chao introduced the Japanese the following morning to an officer collaborating with me, who occupied a two-room apartment with separate entrances. These rooms were connected by a door in which a tiny hole was bored, through which a person could see from one room

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into the other. This officer supplied the Japanese with tobacco and cigarette paper and told him to go to work. Chao thanked him and left.

The Japanese worked in silence, showing no inclination to start a conversation. Half an hour or more passed thus. Then the officer got up and, telling the cigarette-maker that he had an engagement in the city but would be back in an hour or two, directed him to wait until his return.

The officer went out into the street, made a short detour, reëntered his apartment by the second entrance, and, taking up his position in his second room, began to watch the Japanese through the eyehole. The man kept on working for about half an hour, then, glancing at his wrist-watch, rose and looked sharply around him. His attention was immediately attracted by the officer's desk. On the latter lay several old newspapers and a number of unimportant letters. The man glanced them over, but, evidently discovering nothing of interest, opened the drawers in succession, and found them also empty. The next object that drew his attention was a big trunk standing in one corner, which contained the officer's private correspondence. Discovering that the trunk was locked, the Japanese took a bundle of skeleton keys from his pocket and was about to open it. Thereupon the officer made a noise in the adjacent room, as he was not prepared to have his letters read. The moment he heard the noise the Japanese sat down again and resumed his work. When the officer came in a few minutes later he was rolling cigarettes as quietly and methodically as ever. The officer then dismissed him, telling him to come back the next morning and finish the job; whereupon, without saying a word, the Japanese bowed and departed.

I was immediately informed of all that had happened. It was still to be determined, of course, whether the Japanese was looking for secret documents or simply wanted money and valuables. If he was hunting for documents, what would he do with them if he found them? How would Siraisi send them to Japan? The latter point was of special interest to my department, for during all the time we had kept Siraisi's place under observation we had never seen either him or any of his men carry a letter to the post office. So this was the next puzzle to clear up.

When the Japanese pseudo cigarette-maker came the next morning the officer made an excuse to leave him alone, saying that he would be back in an hour or two. A special agent from our office watched the man from the next room. The fellow worked for a few minutes, then rose and looked out through the window into the street. After that he carefully inspected all the walls and doors of the room, apparently without finding anything suspicious. Thereupon he stepped quickly up to the trunk and unlocked it with a false key. Several pieces of linen and some clothing were folded in the bottom. On top of them lay some Japanese conversation books, two or three memorandum books, a silver watch, and about a hundred rubles. The Japanese laid aside the money and the conversation books, picked up the copy books, glanced them over quickly, and was obviously disappointed. Putting everything in order again, he locked the trunk. The whole transaction did not take him more than five or six minutes. After that he resumed his seat at the table and continued his work, and when the officer returned he had already completed his job and was sitting idly in his chair, smoking. Upon receiving his pay he asked the officer to recommend him to some of his friends; which the latter readily did, according to my

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instructions, sending him to another officer of my own department.

At this second place a desk was left open for the fellow to examine. He ransacked it thoroughly, but found nothing of interest except two letters in envelopes bearing Japanese stamps. The letters had been written in our office, but the envelopes were authentic. The Japanese read them through very slowly, but obviously could not understand them, and therefore took them away. Eight days later, when he came to work a second time, he returned them to the place from which he had previously taken them.

Later we sent the fellow on to a third officer of my department, where another desk was left invitingly open. In one of the drawers of this desk we had put a map of Korea of no special importance; but we had stamped on it 'Japan' in Japanese characters, followed by 'Korea, 1911' in parenthesis. On the margin we had stamped in big letters 'Confidential.' The whole thing, of course, was manufactured in my office for a decoy. As we expected, the Japanese made up his mind to have that map the moment he discovered it. But taking it away without exciting suspicion was another problem, for the thing was nearly five feet long and could not be carried in his pocket. After some thought the fellow rolled it up tight and thrust it down the leg of his trousers. It must have felt rather uncomfortable when he sat down.

A few moments after the map had been taken the officer occupying these quarters returned. His Japanese immediately left, saying that he was not feeling well, and promised to come back the next morning to finish his work. One of my agents who was shadowing him saw him make off straightway to Siraisi's house. In the meantime Chao, who had been instructed to go to Siraisi's the moment the Japanese returned, had taken up his position in a restaurant near the laundry. His business was to find out, if possible, what was done with the map. He had a good excuse for calling at Siraisi's, because the Sunday before the latter had ordered a couple of pieces of silk from the samples that Chao had brought him.

Provided with this silk, Chao left the restaurant as soon as our agent had passed and had given him the sign that the Japanese with the map had returned to his master's house. When Chao reached the laundry, however, he found only one Japanese there — a different man from the cigarette-maker, and, as we learned later, the only real washerman in the whole establishment. When Chao asked him where his master was, this fellow, without saying a word, pointed to the door of Siraisi's private room. Chao opened the door and found the room empty.

Now let me make a little digression. When we began to shadow this laundry, I took measures to procure a plan of the building. This was done through a sewing girl who had worked for the dressmaker who had occupied the house before Siraisi leased it. This plan showed the position of all the rooms, doors, and windows. Our agents had already secretly explored the building with the help of this plan, as far as it was possible to do so without arousing suspicion. That was easy enough so far as the ground floor was concerned. The two front rooms were occupied by the laundry, and the third served as the proprietor's bedroom and living-room. There was also a kitchen opening on to the back yard. But the second floor presented a more difficult problem. The front room, we knew, was a reception room for people who came to be photographed, and the second was a store and workroom. But the door of the third apartment was always closed.

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I assumed that the photographer did his work there, but our agents were unable to find out the details. Whenever they tried to get into the room from the back entrance they found the door locked. If they rang the bell or knocked at the door they were told to go around to the front entrance. Our plan showed us that an inside stairway connected the two floors.

It was now Chao's business to penetrate the unknown part of the photographer's establishment. He had been trying to do so for some time, but hitherto had been unable to accomplish it. To-day, however, circumstances favored him. Not finding Siraisi in his room, Chao decided to ascend the inside flight of stairs. Walking quietly on tiptoe, he came to the top and found himself facing a closed door. He pressed the latch and slowly opened it. This is what he saw inside — the two Siraisi brothers stood before a small Kodak pointed at the wall, against which was hung our map. A little way off stood the Japanese who had stolen the map and brought it to the photographer's. Seeing Chao, Siraisi rushed at him angrily, saying: 'How did you dare come up here? Who allowed you?'

Chao stepped back. Siraisi followed him out on to the landing and slammed the door behind him. Chao apologized, and Siraisi, making an effort to recover his self-control, said apologetically: 'I am sorry I was so hasty, but, you see, my brother the photographer hates having anyone disturb him while he is working.' Chao apologized profusely for his intrusion. He said he had done so without thinking of troubling anybody, but he had brought the silk and, finding nobody below, had ventured to come upstairs, imagining Siraisi was there, so that he could deliver his order.

Siraisi, recovering his composure, answered in a cheery tone: 'No trouble at all. My brother had a chance to buy a good Kodak yesterday and asked me to come up and help him test it. You see, I know something of photography in an amateur way myself. Just come up and I'll introduce you to my brother.' Chao politely declined, fearing to arouse suspicion if he showed curiosity. Siraisi seemed quite reassured at this, and paid Chao for his silk without even looking at it.

When Chao passed through the front room he saw the Japanese who had stolen the map, and affecting great surprise said: 'How's this? So you are back here again!'

'Oh, master forgave me,' the fellow answered,' and so I'm back at work.' He seemed quite well satisfied with himself. Evidently he believed he had done a good job in stealing that map.

Four or five days later, when the Japanese came back to finish rolling cigarettes for the officer, he returned what he had taken and again searched the drawers of the desk, but this time found nothing.

We now knew that our secret military documents were being systematically stolen and photographed by the Siraisi brothers at their studio. Our next job was to find out how they were sent to Japan.

While we were watching the Siraisi brothers at Irkutsk, other agents were working elsewhere. Within a few months we discovered that most of the Japanese in Siberia were secret agents. The most important spy next to Siraisi was a man in Chita who was manager of a Japanese trading firm called The Rising Sun. He received monthly reports from other Japanese agents in various towns in Transbaikalia, who kept him informed of changes in the local garrisons, of the characteristics of the commanding officers, and every detail of their family life. These agents supplied that merchant with lists of our artillery and

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military stores, and with memoranda of the gossip that went on around our posts. Much of this information was harmless enough and was not intended to be secret. It included, for instance, population and crop statistics and data regarding trade and industries.

The manager of The Rising Sun transmitted his news budget monthly to Siraisi, who received similar reports from other parts of Siberia. It was clear, therefore, that Saraisi was in charge of all the Japanese espionage work in Siberia. But though we could trace his channels of information, we were still in the dark as to how he got that information to Japan.

In 1913 the veil over this mystery began to lift. Early in April I received a cipher dispatch from the chief of our service at Petrograd telling me that a Japanese named Hiroto Minori had just left that city, traveling first-class, for Irkutsk. I already knew that this fellow was an experienced and active spy, who had been working in Russia ever since the war. Consequently I immediately wired my agents all along the line in Siberia proper to keep a sharp eye both on him and on everyone whom he met. A day or two later telegrams began to arrive at frequent intervals. They were all to the same effect — that Hiroto had traveled through without stopping or meeting anybody. To all appearances he was an ordinary first-class passenger bound directly for the Orient.

On the day before Hiroto reached Irkutsk — that is, five and a half days after he left Petrograd — I doubled the number of my agents at the station, including in the number one of my best men who knew Hiroto Minori by sight. The others had photographs of him. We had cabmen in our employ ready at the station to offer him our services, and our own porters were there to carry his luggage. In fact, no apparent loophole existed through which he could escape our observation. Half an hour after the express arrived I was notified by telephone that Hiroto was not on the train. My first thought was that my agents had let him slip past them in spite of their vigilance, but when my head man reached my office and described the precautions he had taken I dismissed that theory at once. The conductor of the train, whom the detective had asked about Hiroto, said that he had noticed him only two or three stations before reaching Irkutsk and was unable to say when he had left his compartment. I now regretted keenly that for reasons of economy I had not had an agent on the train to keep Hiroto under constant surveillance.

Later I discovered that this cautious and experienced spy, knowing that we should watch for him at Irkutsk, had left the train at Innokentievskaia, a station seven kilometres west of the city. We soon picked up the cabman who had driven him from that point to Irkutsk, as he had been surprised at the action of the Japanese and talked about it. When Hiroto reached Irkutsk he dismissed his cabman in one of the suburban streets and, carrying the two little valises that constituted all his luggage, continued his journey on foot.

From that instant our quarry seemed to have vanished into the earth. For three days we searched the city in all directions, keeping men on watch at hotels, theatres, restaurants, and every place a man of this sort might turn up, but without result. Our watch over Siraisi's house and the lodgings of other Japanese under suspicion was equally fruitless.

On the fourth day we thought we had picked up Hiroto's trail. One of my agents noticed a soldier walking up and down in a lonely street and apparently waiting for someone. The

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fellow attracted the agent's attention on account of his long red beard, for beards are uncommon in the Russian army, and because he kept looking uneasily behind him and walked close to the house-walls. While my detective was still observing him, Hiroto Minori turned the nearest street-corner. As soon as the soldier caught sight of the Japanese he hurried up to him and handed him something that looked like an envelope, which he had previously kept concealed in his sleeve. Hiroto exchanged a few hasty words with him and continued on his way to the National Restaurant, which was near by, while the soldier made off in the opposite direction.

My agent, although perfectly aware of the importance we attached to discovering Hiroto's retreat, followed the soldier instead, feeling sure that the Japanese had gone to the restaurant for his dinner, as it was just mealtime, and would still be there when he returned. When he overtook the soldier he saw from his insignia that he belonged to a regiment of the Siberian Rifles then stationed at Irkutsk. He spoke to the fellow, pretending to have a relative in the same regiment. The man replied that he knew very little about his comrades, because he was serving as orderly to the Commanding General, at whose house he was quartered. Not wishing to excite suspicion, the agent parted with his new acquaintance, but watched him from a distance. The soldier proceeded straight to the residence of the Commanding General and entered the courtyard without being stopped by the two Cossack sentries in front of the gate. His story was therefore true.

Thereupon the detective hastened back to the restaurant which he had seen Hiroto Minori enter. To his great disappointment the latter had disappeared. After assuring himself of that, he inquired of a waiter where the Japanese who had come in a few minutes before had gone. The waiter could not tell him; he said that the stranger had merely glanced in, as if looking for someone, and, failing to find the person he sought, had left immediately.

Thus Hiroto Minori vanished again without leaving a trace. But that night I received full information regarding the soldier who had communicated with him. The latter's name was Katzan, and he was a corporal in the Siberian Rifles who had been employed as the Commanding General's orderly for several months. My agents who were watching Siraisi's house recalled having seen a tall soldier with a red beard visit the laundry frequently, but they had never specifically mentioned it in their reports, as there was nothing extraordinary in the fact.

On the following morning, having detailed several experienced agents to shadow Katzan, I went directly to the General's Chief of Staff and told him what I had discovered about Katzan. I also requested this officer to inform the General that the success of my inquiry depended upon his keeping secret the information I had given him. It turned out that the Chief of Staff knew Katzan very well, because he brought him daily the letters signed by the General to be dispatched. For the previous month or two, however, the orderly had always brought them to him very late. The Chief of Staff had mentioned this to the General, who asked Katzan the cause of the delay. The latter replied that he had so many commissions that he sometimes had to defer this duty. The General thereupon ordered all letters to be carried immediately to the Chief of Staff to be dispatched, and directed that Katzan should perform his other commissions afterward.

It had been agreed between the Gener-

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al and the Chief of Staff at the time that, in order to keep a check on Katzan, the former would write on every envelope the time when he delivered it to his orderly, while the latter would keep a record of the time of its receipt. It was clear that Katzan had been carrying the General's letters to the Siraisis, who had opened and perused them and had photographed any that proved of sufficient importance. We confirmed the latter fact the very first day we kept Katzan under surveillance. He took the letters to Siraisi, and one of my agents made an excuse to enter the laundry a moment after him. But Katzan was neither in the front rooms nor in the kitchen. Consequently he must have been either in Siraisi's private room or in the secret room of the photographer. Ten minutes after entering Katzan left the laundry and hastened as fast as he could to the quarters of the Chief of Staff. Our chain of evidence in this matter was therefore complete. We decided to spring the trap on Katzan and the Siraisi brothers while they were examining the General's correspondence. With this in view I ordered a police detachment to be ready near the laundry between four and five o'clock the following afternoon.

On the morning after I had this arranged I visited the Chief of Staff to tell him what I intended to do. Imagine my astonishment when he said: 'It was not till last night that I was able to inform the General of what you had told me about Katzan. The General at once ordered the fellow back to the barracks, and asked me to send him another orderly.'

I inquired if the General had been informed of my request that Katzan be left alone until I could catch him in the act of betraying his trust. The chief said that he had done so.

'Well, then,' I said, 'why would n't the General let me settle with Katzan and the whole nest of Japanese spies in this city? I think I could have done so.' To this the Chief of Staff only shrugged his shoulders.

A SPANISH SOLDIER IN MOROCCO[1]

BY 'DUEHANGT'

It is a beautiful springlike afternoon, although it is actually midwinter elsewhere. Here in Africa, however, the weather is very variable. Often the wind blows with the fury of a hurricane, seeming at times as if it might even topple over the mountains. Again, the torrential rains, which like cloudbursts break over the solitary encampment in a dark and heavy downpour, suddenly give place to a lovely summer day with a pure and beautiful blue sky above in which shines a resplendent sun whose torrid rays seem to penetrate to the very hearts of the surrounding oval mountains. But neither the fecund, heavy rains nor the hot caresses of the sun have power to bring forth trees that might serve us as a defense from

[1] From a private letter

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the rigor of the sun's rays, or even flowers to gladden our sight and sweeten the air.

Our encampment — which is situated at quite an elevation and affords a good view of the surrounding country — is a very large one, where thousands of men are gathered together, representing every branch of the Army. It is protected by a strong, well-fortified wall. The view from here is typical of the country, made up of thousands of *carmechos*, or Moro dwellings, scattered over the mountain-sides and separated from one another by heavy hedges of cactus. This curious plant is the only adornment possessed by the Kabyles, and produces an abundant crop of *higos chumbos*, or prickly pears, which form the chief food of the natives, more especially in those regions farthest removed from the Spanish cities, to which, because of the lack of means of communication, very little in the way of provisions or other of the necessaries of life can be conveyed.

The forces in the encampment are housed in small conical tents set out in long parallel lines forming streets. Each tent — in which there is scarcely standing room for them — is supposed to accommodate twenty men, with all their accoutrements.

There is one building, comfortable as compared with the tents, which is the General Barracks. Then there is a row of wooden huts, or *barracas*, placed in the form of a village, which are the canteens. There are also a few other dwellings, constructed of mud with tin roofs, in which some of the officers live.

It is the hour of general recreation, and on every hand may be seen groups of soldiers. Some are reading over for the third or fourth time the letters received during the day; others are cleaning their personal belongings as they chat amicably together; others again are playing games of cards — all intent on seeking in one way or another to drive away their ennui.

The afternoon is waning and the sun's rays are growing less rigorous as he nears his eclipse behind the stupendous, almost inaccessible, mountains of the enemy country. All are glad of the pleasant coolness of evening as they leave the shelter of the crowded tents to breathe the fresher air outside. It is the hour when the sentinels for the night take charge and keep watch while their companions sleep.

At seven o'clock the vibrant tones of the bugle announce the hour of the roll call, and after each man on hearing his name called has answered 'Present,' according to custom, he immediately sets to work, amid much talking and laughing, to prepare carefully his humble bed. This consists of a sack filled with straw, if so be he has been able to find any; while the less fortunate sleep on the hard bare ground, resting their heads on the bags or sacks that contain their scant supply of clothing. At nine o'clock the bugle announces 'Silence,' and everyone lies down to rest and sleep; for, though their couch leaves much to be desired, the greater number, worn out by the labors of the day, soon fall into sound slumber.

At the entrance of each tent stands a sentinel, while those whose place it is to guard the outskirts of the camp walk about peering into the darkness, their guns cocked and their *machetes*, or bayonets, in readiness. At midnight the encampment assumes the aspect of a graveyard: the tents look in the moonlight like so many white marble mausoleums, and the sentinels like ghosts who have just issued from their niches in them. A sepulchral silence reigns, broken only by the howls of the *chacales*, or jackals, who come down from the mountains in search of the garbage thrown out during the day, or

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by the barking of the dogs in the adjacent *kábilas*, echoed back from the surrounding hills. At intervals a voice may be heard calling '*Centinela alerte*,' and another answering '*Alerte está*.' This is the patrol who goes about to see that none has fallen asleep.

In the morning at six o'clock a bugle call breaks the prolonged silence of the night, at which signal all precipitately spring up ready for their coffee — a beverage hardly deserving of the name. Immediately, even before the beams of the morning sun are yet visible, the life of the camp begins. All who had not had the opportunity to do so the day before set forth in procession to the little spring in search of sufficient water with which to wash themselves. There being no other way to secure the morning bath, each fills his canteen and one man slowly pours out the water little by little over another's back till his ablutions are completed, when the action is reversed, each helping the other like a good comrade.

The hour arrives for the multiple duties required to keep the camp clean and tidy. Besides, there are such matters to attend to as bringing up supplies and changing guards. All those who are not employed on these tasks have their arms and accoutrements carefully inspected, and then are either drilled or set to work building roads.

Before dawn a battalion of infantry has already sallied forth, with other auxiliary troops, constituting a convoy, to the advanced positions twenty or more kilometres away. These marches are ordinarily very severe, for if the weather is dry and hot the sun's rays are stifling, and the treading of so many feet in the narrow road raises a choking cloud of dust that seems to stop one's throat. Moreover, the men are bent almost double under the weight of their burdens. If, on the other hand, there has been a heavy rain, the roads, which were bad enough already, are turned into veritable morasses of mud and water through which it is almost impossible to march either up or down the steep declivities. Often the weaker men stumble and fall into the muddy water, soaking themselves to the skin, and, if it is winter, chilling themselves to the very marrow and becoming almost incapable of further effort. The *alpargatas*, or sandals, which are the only footgear they have, are made of a piece of sole leather or tough hempen fabric of plaited rope, fastened to the foot by means of cords. These become so caked with mud as to make it impossible to march, and it therefore often becomes necessary to discard them altogether and go barefoot.

At last the men arrive at the end of the march and, having delivered the provisions and ammunition, are allowed a few hours' rest. A little food is given them to fill their empty stomachs. After having recuperated they again plod off on the return trip. This service is the severest duty the soldier has to perform, and must be repeated daily between one advanced outpost and another.

Meanwhile at the general encampment midday has arrived, and all the varied activities cease at the sound of the bugle. It is the only call the soldiers really appreciate, for it announces the hour for dinner and the time for the distribution of the mail. Each awaits the latter anxiously and expectantly; it is his only joy, this letter from his family, his mother or perhaps his sweetheart, or his war mother. His correspondence is the one solace for a soldier's heart; if that fails him there is nothing left. In those moments is reflected on every face either joy or disappointment — joy when the news from his far-distant dear ones is good;

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sadness if it be bad, or if the long-expected letter has not arrived.

At three in the afternoon our interrupted labors are again taken up, and at six the second meal is served. That concluded, the hour for recreation again comes round. During these short hours of liberty the encampment presents the aspect of a populous city. On every hand soldiers stroll about chatting animatedly, enjoying their short hour of freedom. They sing, and run, and play like so many young children.

Such is the life of a Spanish soldier fighting the Riffi in Africa. Every day is alike; each day presents the same problems, the same tasks and unchanging emotions. Day succeeds day till the term of service — usually three years — is completed. The almost unendurable monotony is broken only when the enemy, also eager to put an end to his boredom, steals upon our advanced positions and in the darkness of the night cautiously digs trenches and builds fortifications, protected by the irregularities of the terrain. After laboring for a few nights, and believing all conditions propitious, he waits patiently for daylight for the purpose of intercepting the forces carrying the water and supplies to the various outposts.

When an opportune moment arrives for an attack, the Moors rapidly spread among their own forces the notice that they are about to make a raid and capture some prisoners. They then begin quietly to close up the circle about the besieged. Meanwhile the High Command of the Spanish forces, realizing the imminent peril, assembles a large force of several thousand men, placing at the front the Legionaries and native irregulars, followed by the Peninsulars, or Spanish regulars. Each soldier is issued three or four packages of ammunition, cold rations for several days, two canteens of drinking water, a greatcoat, and a gun. This burden, it is unnecessary to say, causes the men to reach the place of combat, usually several kilometres away, in a state of extreme fatigue. Immediately on arriving, an attacking party is formed, which begins a tentative advance, exercising the greatest vigilance in order to avoid an ambuscade. As the vanguard, thus deployed as skirmishers, cautiously moves forward, the first shots come whistling through the air, announcing the near presence of the enemy, though it is not yet possible to determine whence he is firing. Instantly, however, the former calm and quiet settle down again, as if the shots had suddenly issued of their own volition from the bowels of the earth.

The sound of the Moro guns is very peculiar. At the moment the projectile is fired a report like *pa-cúm* is distinctly heard, which gives rise to the name commonly given them of pa-cum rifles.

When the enemy fire increases in intensity the order to halt is given, and the men are told to lie flat on the ground till the place from where the shots come is located. The Moors usually await the advancing column until it reaches a position where they can fire point-blank at it from their hiding-places. But Spanish aviators soon locate the enemy and drop bombs upon his trenches, producing terrible explosions, and indicating the point toward which the artillery and infantry must direct their fire.

The sun, like a fiery volcano, pours his burning rays down upon the panting soldiers, who, almost exhausted and half-asphyxiated by the heat, without a drop of water to refresh their parched throats, are compelled to carry on, many falling by the wayside. Scores at such times would be willing to give all they have in the world for a small glass

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of water to relieve their thirst; but in that region there is no water except for the single spring that serves to supply the besiegers, and before that can be reached our forces must first compel the enemy to evacuate the terrain. In the intensity of their thirst many throw themselves upon the ground like wild beasts and lap up the water in the pools left by the rain, dirty and yellowed with mud, through which have passed countless feet of both men and beasts — anything to cool their burning throats.

The advance post we are relieving, like a rock in mid-ocean during a heavy storm, majestically maintains its position in the midst of all that desolation, repairing its defenses with passionate determination as the struggle proceeds, for on them solely depends its salvation.

Some hours have passed, but the advance has ceased, for the enemy, although decimated by cannon and machine-guns fire, has not yet been dislodged, and does not seem disposed to give ground. This necessitates an attack with bayonets.

The moment is critical and full of emotion: the aviators fly very low that their bombs may not miss their mark; the cannon spit out fiery broadsides, while the machine-guns keep up an incessant rat-a-tat-tat. In the midst of all this deafening uproar the soldiers go forward at a run, holding their bayonets in one hand and bombs in the other, killing, killing, to the right and left, all they come across, though not without suffering many casualties themselves.

Encounters like the one just described are fought year after year, every succeeding summer, with few or numerous casualties as the case may be. Between them complete tranquillity reigns. These attacks or counterattacks are almost always invited by some carelessness on the part of the opposite party, and the soldiers look forward to them with almost pleasant anticipation as incidents breaking the deadly monotony of their existence.

A soldier's life in an advance post is characterized by even more deadly ennui than that in the general encampments, because he is marooned there with a smaller number of comrades. Yet every night he must observe extreme vigilance, for it is then that the enemy usually creeps up under the cover of dense darkness and suddenly falls upon the sentinels, seizing their guns and telling them to go back to their own country, or calling them 'hens' because they live in coops.

Most of our private soldiers are farmers and peasants with little education. As a rule they are frank, good-hearted fellows, with honest, open faces. They are very patient and faithful in doing their duty — qualities that stand out in strong contrast to the want of consideration shown them by their officers, who regard them as immeasurably beneath themselves. The conversation of the soldiers never varies; it is always on the same theme. 'How many more months have you got to serve?' 'Many — endlessly!' is the reply, with a hopeless gesture indicating how eager they are to end this monotonous existence.

What joy I shall experience in 'that day' — the day of my deliverance, when I may clasp my dear parents in my arms, after these long years of absence, in which I have endured continued fatigue, and suffering both physical and mental. What joy to gain again my long-desired and precious liberty. I shall feel like the lark who, suddenly freed from his cage after a long imprisonment, mounts the air on his wings and flies away in joyous freedom.

At first all the Spanish soldiers feel a

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passionate love for and strong sympathy with their country, but at the end of their military service in Africa much of their patriotism has disappeared, chiefly because of the disillusions they experience in the place where they have so nobly exposed themselves to death. In most cases their health is broken because of their many privations. There the best of their youth has been spent — the age of illusion and of enthusiasm. They have sacrificed families, love, and liberty without receiving any tangible compensation.

The Moroccan war, in the opinion of the average soldier, based on his long experience on the very scene of action, is a problem inherited from his fathers — one that will continue to be in the future just what it has been in the past, with the sole alternative of either yielding territory or carrying on, more or less frequently, the same bloody contests, in which so many lives are uselessly sacrificed. For what is gained to-day is abandoned to-morrow; those who are to-day our most loyal friends to-morrow turn out to be our worst enemies; those who one day surrender themselves the next day revolt. This occasions a continual waste of blood and treasure to no advantage. The Moroccan war, in all frankness, is the nightmare of the Spanish people.

A SOUTH PACIFIC POTSDAM[1]

BY ARNOLD HÖLLRIEGEL

I RENTED a little old green sailboat with an auxiliary motor. Just after we had taken aboard our cargo and were about to leave Suva, the heaviest deluge of rain I ever saw, even in the tropics, suddenly descended upon us. We had to wait until it was over, and that eventually cost me the whole day. Finally we set forth down the lagoon, between the sandy shore, with its files of palm trees and red galvanized-iron roofs, and the creamy white foam-line of the coral reef. When we reached the mouth of the Rewa River, an astonishingly broad, quiet stream to flow down from the cloud-topped, jagged peaks of an island of the size of Viti Levu, we turned from the lagoon into one of the mouths of the great delta in order to follow another channel to the open sea beyond. But when we were in the very midst of the great mangrove swamp the tide ebbed, and we were left stranded on a mud bank between queer, unnatural shores, not of land, but of densely tangled branches, air roots, dark green foliage, and mosquitoes.

There was nothing to do but to wait patiently for the tide to rise again. I watched dreamily a huge gray crane wading in the distance. My old boatman drank whiskey, as he did in all emergencies. Our nut-brown engineer, a wild savage from a distant island, lay on the bench by the motor and slept. A Fiji boy, black as ebony, his body

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *January 5*

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and hair heavily oiled and his only clothing a loin cloth, squatted in the bottom of the boat and chewed a piece of sugar cane.

Seated in the tiny cabin, I began to inspect our cargo for distraction. It consisted of sixty-four yards of calico, mostly pink and red with broad stripes, purchased at the shop of Naujiree Singh in All Nations Street, Suva; a great rope of native tobacco about thirty feet long; sticky Indian candy; and all the mouth organs I could find in town. The latter were German instruments stamped '*Fröhliches Terzett.*' The box containing them bore the manufacturer's trade-mark — three yawling tomcats. That completed the cargo except for whiskey. I was ashamed of the latter, but Suva friends who knew the country had persuaded me that this was indispensable as a gift for the native chiefs.

When I had inspected my whole cargo, I carefully removed one valuable article from its pasteboard box — a gift for a queen. It was a little mechanical fan from Kärntnerstrasse in Vienna. You pressed a button and the propeller began to rotate — a priceless treasure in a climate like this!

To make a long story short, when the tide rose the motor refused to work, and there was not a breath of wind. Consequently it was late in the afternoon before we emerged from the delta into a beautiful bay enclosed on the horizon line by a ring of silver-green island silhouettes. One of these, a small round island nearer Viti Levu, was more distinct, revealing low volcanic cliffs and hills wonderfully brocaded with green. A big fishing canoe with an outrigger and a three-cornered matting sail came out to meet us. The crew, who were magnificent-looking natives wearing only loin cloths, waved to us with loud laughter.

This island had a landing stage. Here stood a wonderful old gentleman wearing a *sulu* girt closely around his hips and the tunic of a bathing suit. He was Tui Savura, a very high chief among the many chiefs who dwell on the little island of Mbau.

We shook hands. 'Come on board, Tui, and have a drink.'

We drank whiskey and soda in the little cabin. The old chief, his iron-gray hair forming a bushy crown above his furrowed forehead, sat there as dignified and self-possessed as any white gentleman. After we had drunk he took my hand and said in broken English: 'Come; my men bring your things on shore bime-bye. Come see village. Ratu Pope not here.'

That announcement was a grievous disappointment, for I had set my heart on finding the famous Ratu Pope at home, and I had several letters of introduction to him. This remarkably handsome and imposing man, thirty-five years old, whose picture I had seen everywhere in the Fiji Islands, has officially only the title of *Ratu* — an ordinary chief. But everyone knows that he is the legal heir of the old King Mbau and the grandson of King Thakomban, the Fiji monarch who fifty years ago ceded his kingdom to Queen Victoria — not quite so voluntarily as the official reports assert.

Ratu Pope, the grandson, was educated at the Maori college in Wanganui, New Zealand, and is treated as a white man and a gentleman even by Europeans who call ordinary Fijians 'niggers.' He resides at Mbau in a fine house, the only one that has more than a single room — for it has two — and European furniture. The latter consists of wardrobes, a washstand, and comfortable chairs.

I visited this house. It is built, of course, of porous matting, with a steep palm-thatched roof; but no European king has handsomer tapestries, carpets,

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and bedding than the wonderfully soft, fine mats and beautifully decorated tapa cloths that I saw here. The great poles that support the roof are wound round with black, white, and red rope of coconut fibre in striking patterns. The rooms are as tidy as any you would find in Holland, as airy and cool as the best chambers in the Grand Pacific Hotel at Suva, and as subtly aristocratic as any apartment in the most exclusive villa of Faubourg St.-Germain.

Old Tui took me to this house first in showing me around the village, for it is the pride of Mbau. But I saw several other chiefs' houses that were less pretentious but equally comfortable and clean. The floors were raised from the ground on posts and were covered with elastic matting. The roof had a trunk of a coconut tree for a gable, both extremities of which were bent slightly upward and projected beyond the building's walls like the thick ends of a bone. This roof was supported by tall poles of the hardest wood, and the siding consisted of colored matting and tastefully patterned tapa cloth. Inside were piles of mats, a lamp, a few framed photographs, but no chairs. That was all, but each of these little cottages, in its tiny garden surrounded with the tidiest, greenest turf I have ever seen outside of England, was a jewel in itself.

Besides these residences there was the church — a horribly ugly building of planks, galvanized iron, and corners. Somewhere on a hill stood the house of the Wesleyan missionary. That is all there is to Mbau, the Potsdam of Fiji, the island where only chiefs and their wives and servants are permitted to live. Not a coconut tree, not a breadfruit tree, is allowed to grow there. Whatever the noble residents need is brought from the other islands, for here ye shall neither sow nor reap.

In one of the handsomest houses I instinctively bowed low to a brown woman dressed in a red gown that hung loosely from her lean shoulders. She had just risen from the little sewing machine in front of which she had been squatting. She extended to me a delicate aristocratic hand, the fingers encircled by several sparkling rings, and smiled. Her elderly face showed no trace of the Melanesian Negroid features of the natives of Fiji. Her mother was the daughter of a Tonga chief, from an island where the Polynesian women rival the most beautiful Europeans. This lady, for so she was, was the Chieftainess Andi Kakobau, granddaughter of Queen Thakomban and cousin of Ratu Pope. I do not think I ever saw a more regal-looking woman in my life. Moreover, she is wealthy, owning more than three hundred and fifty acres of the best coconut plantations in the Archipelago. She has never married.

'You are welcome,' she said. 'Please make yourself at home in our guesthouse. We shall have a little celebration in your honor. It is late. If you had arrived earlier we should have braided many leis for you.'

I presented the lady with the little automatic fan. She played with it for a moment like a delighted child, then handed it to hold to a servant woman who knelt before her.

I watched from the stone steps of the guesthouse the sunset turn the sea in front of the village red and gold, — 'scrambled eggs and paprika,' my drunken boatman said, — and tried to teach a group of black, woolly-haired island children how to play the Radetzky March upon a mouth organ. I think it was the Radetzky March, though I have never been able to tell that piece for certain from Mahler's *Lied von der Erde*.

My supply of mouth organs made me the favorite uncle of every little black

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boy on this chieftains' island. Twenty or thirty of them clustered around me on the steps or scrambled on all fours over the turf-colored elevation upon which the guesthouse stood. They held the mouth organs in their teeth as if they were trying to gnaw them — and the thought flashed into my mind that their grandfathers thus gnawed human bones.

We conversed with each other during intermissions in the concert. Several of the older boys had learned English at the Mission School, but speaking that was not as interesting as to hear me talk Fiji. I jotted down ten or a dozen words in my memorandum book. *Yo* means Yes; *Sengai* means No; *Vinaka* means Thank you; and *Tou veitotaki* means 'Let us be friends.'

I kept repeating 'Tou veitotaki' and encoring something resembling the Radetzky March upon a mouth organ. A Fiji mother, slender as a girl, with an hibiscus flower in the wavy bobbed hair that stood out from her head like a brush, approached with a pleasant smile and plumped down upon my knee the naked baby that she had brought on her back.

At last it grew dark. I ate my own provisions, for I had come unannounced and had arrived late; and my first native meal, of fish, taro, and breadfruit baked in the ground with hot stones, was deferred till the morrow. They brought, however, fine mats for my bed, and, as a special luxury, a pillow.

The guesthouse was the largest building in Mbau — a dignified hall through whose open doors and porous walls the air circulated freely. Its steep roof was supported by poles wound in patterns with colored native cordage; the walls consisted of matting woven like the fabric of a huge panama hat and ornamented with geometrical patterns in black. The only furniture was a long table upon which I placed my presents — the bright-colored calicoes, the tobacco, and the bottles of cheap perfumery. I sat Turkish fashion on the mats, resting my back against my valise. A light bobbed up and down in the darkness outside. A native brought a lantern and put it in front of me on the mat. Then others came — all the boys and girls of Mbau, led by old Chief Tui, who ordered them about like a schoolmaster. They squatted down, the boys on one side four deep and the girls on the other, the latter wearing bright-colored cotton garments and wreaths of flowers on their heads. A few of the girls, but only a few, had the peculiar fox-red hair produced by lime bleach.

A couple of statuesque young men stood in the background, their black skins reflecting the light of the lantern. It seemed that most of the warriors, together with Ratu Pope and the rest of the chiefs, had gone to one of the other two hundred and fifty islands in the Fiji group to attend a chieftain's wedding. Only two of the principal inhabitants of Mbau, old Tui and Ratu Bola, remained behind. The latter was now sitting beside me, a vigorous man sixty years old, clad in a sulu and a shirt. He took pains to assure me, however, that he also owned a pair of trousers like a white man.

Ratu Bola spoke a fluent English peculiar to himself, picked up along the waterside at Suva and sprinkled with American slang. He was an imposing-looking man, a true aristocrat, but I cannot deny that he suggested having another glass of whiskey rather frequently. I wanted to keep what was left for presents and not to get this cannibal's grandson intoxicated; so it took the greatest tact to handle the situation. But Ratu Bola was not impudent; he merely was greedy like a child. In order to change the subject I

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inquired, 'Do these young folks sing?'

'Betcher life. They'll sing like a shot. Big *mele* for you. Do you drink much whiskey in your country?'

The young folks sang in two-part choruses. I do not know much music, but something told me that it must be wonderful singing. It was not Negroid; neither did it lack harmony; but it was a sweet, pleasing accord of well-trained, colorful voices. The first selection was a patriotic song, Ratu told me, to the effect that it was a glorious thing to live in Fiji where the people were very large and strong. Then they sang a song that they had hastily composed in my honor: 'He comes from Suva in the boat of the apothecary Swan, a foreigner with glasses. He has brought many, many presents with him.' And in order that I might understand the sentiment, the chorus was in English: 'Remember me, for I love you.'

They sang this over and over again, and then other songs, Fiji songs, and also softer melodies from Samoa and Tonga, with 'It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary' for an interlude. After that three wonderfully pretty girls in tapa skirts danced. They danced seated, while the chorus chanted the accompaniment from behind them, moving the upper part of their bodies and their toes and fingers, but particularly their graceful brown arms and hands, to illustrate the meaning of the words.

These songs lasted the whole evening. The singers sat in the obscure background of the hall, while in front of them a dignified functionary squatted before a big, curiously carved calabash in which kava was being brewed with great ceremony. This is the native intoxicant. They grate up kava roots and mix lukewarm water with it. I was given the first cup. Somebody had already told me what the proper ceremonial was. You clap your hands three times and shout 'Bola!' The stuff tastes a little like chloroform and thick mucilage, but you get accustomed to it.

Ratu Bola sat at my side. It suddenly dawned upon me what his name meant — Prince Prosit! He endeavored to make me understand that kava is excellent but whiskey is also very good; but I pretended not to understand, and listened with affected rapture to the singing. At length Ratu motioned with an air of resignation to the man with the kava, who brought him a coconut cup full of it and squatted humbly before him, for no one stands in front of a chief.

'Whiskey is also excellent,' remarked Prince Prosit reflectively after he had drunk his kava.

At least he got another whiskey, but a very small one; whereupon he became quite voluble. I lay on the cushion and jotted memoranda in my notebook. The man was a perfect slang dictionary.

'Betcher life,' he said. 'Fiji bully country. We here in Mbau only chiefs — chiefs, women, children. Have I children? Betcher life. Forty children. Missionary say many wives no good. I marry one wife one house, another wife another house. That Fiji way.' He wrinkled his forehead thoughtfully, and after a pause continued: 'Missionary no good. You do Fiji way, he say no good, go to Hell. I think I go pretty quick 'nother missionary. Roman Catholic much better. Betcher life.'

But it is doing this excellent old fellow an injustice to quote his words verbatim. He was no minstrel Negro. While the girls were singing in the semidarkness of the great reception hall, this old chief, Ratu Bola, convinced me that he was one of the last real aristocrats on the globe. For few real noblemen are left except on the island of Mbau.

'This house, our House of Lords!' Ratu exclaimed suddenly. And it was in fact. The handsome hall, built on

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the spot where the temple of the three-headed idol of the Fijians stood so long, was by no means a mere sleeping-room for vagabond writers like myself, but primarily the Council House of the noblemen of Fiji. Once a year the British Governor of the colony sits down here among his chiefs and they talk to him and tell him what they want.

'And what we no like,' said Ratu Bola, throwing back his noble gray head defiantly.

O masterpiece of English policy! Britain has given the natives of Mbau a sort of make-believe Parliament, a republic of great chieftains, where no policeman dare set foot. Here the fourteen proud descendants of the old rulers of the island sit in council with the representative of the Empire's head.

'No common man,' Ratu said to me, 'dare set foot on Mbau unless a chieftain order him to do so. The chief says: "Go to the mainland. Bring fish, bring taro, bring firewood." The common man goes and brings.'

'See,' said Ratu, extending his slender, delicate brown hands with their brightly polished nails. 'See these hands. Betcher life, never worked all life long. Not damned once.' And he added contemptuously, a moment later, 'Also not write like white man.'

So the old man talked on and on in a loud voice, regardless of the sweet singing of the boys and girls. He painted for me the picture of a feudal society where the prince, the born chieftain, never rose from his mat except for gambling, hunting, or war. It was for the common people, the *koigu*, to climb the trees for coconuts; it was for them to kneel before the chief offering him woven baskets of the best food.

'Fiji way,' said Ratu emphatically. He was clearly a conservative of the bluest dye. 'And nix ladies! By us ladies no account. When my grandfather die ten — twenty ladies hang themselves. Nix good, women.'

That grandfather of his doubtless loved human flesh. But even in his father's time cannibalism had ceased. I had a faint suspicion, though, that my archconservative companion did not fully approve the innovation. Naturally, however, he had to make some concession to the spirit of the times.

'Betcher life,' he repeated, 'Fiji way good for chief. Good me. Fiji boy not chief also good. He make work, I give much taro. He not make work, he go hungry.'

Where else, O ancient three-headed god of Mbau, have I heard well-fed chieftains talk the same?

Very late that night the elder of the two chiefs distributed my presents with the calm dignity of an ancient patriarch. The singers departed. The chiefs rolled themselves up in mats in the corner farthest from my own and, after conversing a long time in an undertone, fell off to sleep. I half-suspected that Ratu Bola took a flask of whiskey with him, but was too tired to count my stock.

I lay on my mat covered with my raincoat. A spring bed and a mattress might have been more comfortable, especially with a mosquito net. As I lay there I could look through the great open doorway at the starry heavens. It was delightfully cool, and after the rain the fragrance of wet grass and the heavy odor of the white blossoms of frangipani trees filled the room. For a long time I heard no sound but the chirping of crickets, the humming of mosquitoes close to my ears, and now and then a strange bird-cry. Then strains of music were wafted to me from far, far away, under the steep roof of a chieftain's house. Somebody was practising the Radetzky March upon a mouth organ.

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HOTELS AND DIPLOMATS: AN IMAGINARY INTERVIEW[1]

BY 'YAFFLE'

THE disparaging remarks that have been made about Sir Austen Chamberlain lately are a sad reminder that we are falling away from the best traditions.

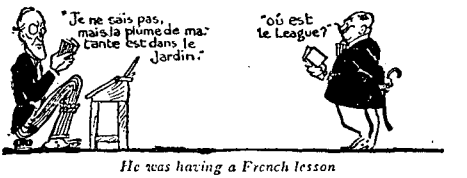
People ought to know by now that the higher up a man is, and the bigger mess he makes, the more we honor him. Here we have a great man who goes to Geneva to represent the greatest Empire the world has seen for weeks. And people criticize him and make him defend his action as though he were a small boy stealing jam, instead of a statesman upsetting the peace of nations.

This affair has taken us at one step back to the Middle Ages. For, as any historian will tell you, — or, if you can't find an historian, a bus-conductor might do, — in those dark days the more elevated a man's position the more dangerous it was. Things had got to such a pitch that by the end of the sixteenth century people at the top of the tree were liable to have their heads cut off at any moment, and no insurance company would accept a cabinet minister at all, as his chances of another year's life were negligible. But of late years we had altered that. If a man was important enough to be in a high position we always made him an earl if he did anything wrong, so as to convince him that he was above the calumny of lesser men. For, as the poet says, 'a pot's a pot for all that.'

There are many examples of this. There was Edward Grey, for instance, and Asquith. They let us in for the war, so we made them both earls. Then there was Balfour. He made a secret treaty with France and Russia, which kept the war going for four years instead of only one. So we made him an earl too. In the bad old days a king would have said, 'These caitiffs are duddes. Take away their landes and eke their heddes. We will have their landes. Doe what ye will with their heddes.'

Those evil days have befallen us again. Confident in his belief that the bigger the bloomer the better, Sir Austen goes to Geneva with only a few days in which to smash the League. No one could have guessed from his calm and dignified manner that he was working against time. He may not have smashed the League, but he made it look darned silly. And yet he returned to find everybody grumbling.

Naturally he attributes the cause to the fact that he did not smash the League altogether. I called to see how



He was having a French lesson

he felt about it all. As I entered he was having a French lesson, in order to keep himself in touch with European affairs. He made a fine figure of a man as he stood there with his Garter on one leg, trusting, with that faith that

[1] From the *New Leader* (London Labor-Party weekly), *April* 2

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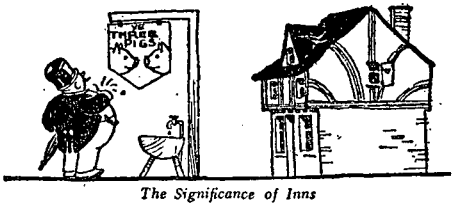
only strong men attain, that somehow the other stocking would stay put. As he turned to me the sun shone on his monocle and brought to my mind the beautiful poem about 'the little window where the sun came creeping in at morn,' and I murmured to myself that stirring battle-song: —

Sir Austen C. to the League has gone;
In a nice hotel you'll find him,
With his father's eyeglass girded on,
And his Kynoch's dividends behind him.

'*La plume*, feminine, the pen,' he said, as I approached. 'But why feminine?' I expressed my condolences. 'What chance did I have at Geneva?' he said. 'I had no backing at all from the press. *They simply played fast and loose with the names of the hotels!* Look at this: —

'No further decisions were reached today at the Conference. M. Briand was seen to leave the Hotel Gladœil at 10.30 and enter the Café Bon Vivant, where he conversed for twenty minutes with the Brazilian representative. Both ordered *un bock*. He then proceeded to a small hotel in the Rue L'Apéritif.

'You see!' said Sir Austen, indignantly. 'Small hotel, indeed! It was the Hotel Sauterne, a place pregnant with diplomatic significance. It was



The Significance of Inns

there that M. Poincaré sat for half an hour before telegraphing, "*A bas les Boches*" to President Camembert on the eve of the declaration of war. I shall never forget those tense days in July '14 when we sat in the Foreign Office reading the names of the hotels mentioned in the dispatches. When the news came that Poincaré had entered the Sauterne I said, "This means war!" And it was — I mean it did.

'Then look at this: —

'The negotiations are believed to have reached a critical stage. At 10.45 this morning M. Briand, accompanied by Senhor Peccadillo, called upon Sir Austen at the Hotel Saussisson, where they remained closeted for an hour. It was observed that M. Briand was unusually preoccupied. It is believed that during the whole of this time they were engaged in close conversation. Shortly before noon they emerged, and the Senhor proceeded to the Hotel Blancmange. M. Briand was then seen to talk animatedly to Sir Austen for five minutes, at the termination of which Sir Austen was heard to observe "Yes." Both then passed at a brisk pace along the Boulevard des Char-à-bancs and entered the Hotel Pennibunne.

M. Briand was preoccupied

'Now that,' said Sir Austen, 'is calculated to complicate the international situation to a dangerous degree. No one knows better than the press the great significance attaching to the names of the streets used by prominent diplomats at important times like this. As you know, the papers relate very little else. I do not, of course, believe that the public should be excluded entirely from information regarding foreign politics. I trust I am democratic enough for that. But surely they might have omitted the name of the hotel to which Senhor Peccadillo went after calling upon me. Unless these names are used with discretion, diplomacy will be impossible. In the

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case of the Brazilian, any other hotel might have been mentioned with safety. But not the Blancmange.

'Again, it is a serious blow to British prestige to mention the preoccupied air of M. Briand without mentioning my own demeanor at the time. I distinctly remember that on leaving the Saussisson I was careful to assume a courteous, though watchful, levity. The omission of this was most serious, particularly as my objective was the Pennibunne. My secretary had advised Silent Strength for the Boulevard. "No," I said. "Remember the Fashoda affair. Was not Curzon on that occasion sphinxlike, when he should have been suave, forgetting that he had just emerged from the Hotel Dans l'Huile?" But what do the newspapers care? If the League still stands, you have the press to blame. Canaille!' he said, lapsing into the language of diplomacy, '*Défense de fumer! Il me fait* — er — tired!'

'I suppose that was why the action of the Swedish Minister was so unexpected,' I said. 'Nobody mentioned his hotel.' 'Not entirely,' said Sir Austen. 'My staff were also to blame for not putting Sweden down on the list of places I had to ignore. I'd forgotten there was such a place. Surely it is enough for me to spend years learning how to look right through unimportant people, without having to learn geography as well. I am a minister, not a primary scholar.'

THE PASSING OF IBSEN [1]

BY A. B. WALKLEY

BALZAC's De Marsay said that besides the great book of the world there is another book a thousand times more dangerous, which consists of all that is whispered by one man to another or discussed under ladies' fans at balls. Dangerous? It all depends. But hygienic surely, for it is the way society has of letting off steam. It is a private revolt against the tyranny of public opinion and the necessary hypocrisy of compliance with it. Some men whisper to one another through the post, which is one reason why their correspondence when published makes such piquant reading. I have been dipping into the *Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh*, and have emerged every time tingling with a new exhilaration. I met him once or twice, but shrank from conversation — our contrasted persons would have furnished too obvious a subject for one of Max's caricatures. But his letters are immense fun. He lets off his steam with so explosive and startling a vigor. He was such a ripping good hater. He hated Browning. He hated nearly all littery gents as a class, and what he called the 'shop window' of literature. He hated all pedants and prigs, and most dons. As for the critics, they were 'a terrible set.' And this is his private obituary notice of Ibsen: —

. . . a kind of shock-headed, hard-mouthed Plymouth Brother.

Ibsen represents very exactly all that I

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), *March* 31

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most dislike. The Evangelist with a wooden leg! They are praising him up to the skies now. But he won't wash. He never took delight in anything but his own mop-headed, whiskered, methodical self. I'm glad he's dead. Some good people liked his books. He caught them on their stupid side.

Here is an echo of the old Ibsen civil war of twoscore years ago, when the din of Ibsenites and Anti-Ibsenites frighted the isle from her propriety. It was an exciting fight, and I am no more ashamed of having plunged into the fray than of any other youthful escapade. My blood is cooler now. Besides, there is no 'world poet' that I can see worth fighting about. (They used to call Ibsen a 'world poet' then; oh, those Victorians!) But, really, the attitude of most of the critical Old Guard toward Ibsen was too exasperating, too insular, too densely stupid, for present belief. Their comments were subsequently collected and formed a kind of Anthology of Vituperation. The late Mr. Clement Scott, a critic of the voluble, popular order, and a man of immense influence in the theatre of his day, furnished the most violent specimens. But *de mortuis*, et cetera, and I will not descant on these old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago.

Ibsen would have been all very well if it had n't been for the Ibsenites, who were recruited from all the cranks in London, especially from the as yet 'unemancipated' female cranks. These afterward became Suffragettes or Shavians — what the latest sect of their kind is called I know not. I fancy they have deserted the theatre, and possibly they have diverted their energies to the Night Clubs. Dancing is, beyond doubt, a more attractive way of letting off steam. The lip stick and the powder puff have, I cannot help thinking, been great blessings to humanity. We should, at any rate, have been glad of them in the old Ibsen days, when the Ibsenite ladies would certainly have benefited by a little 'make-up.' Where *did* all the pretty girls get to? Unhappily, they were not among the Ibsen audiences — a collection of all the frumps and what the Americans call 'homely' faces.

Ibsenism, on its artistic side, was primarily a reaction against Scribism. Scribe was dead, but his formula survived. It was a formula of elaborate, artificial plot and no meaning. The whole question was to know whether the young man of family from the Faubourg St.-Germain would marry the rich heiress from the Chaussée d'Antin. 'Notaries,' ancient 'Colonels' from the Napoleonic wars, and other bric-a-brac of the period were thrown in *ad lib.* By the middle of the last century this style of thing had begun to pall. Augier and Dumas followed, and did try to bring the theatre into some sort of relation to actual life, raising such questions as fidelity to marriage vows, the rights of the natural son and the unwed mother, and so forth. But they retained the old machinery, the plot imbroglios, and the lucky coincidences of Scribism. Sardou was an even more assiduous purveyor of theatrical artificialities than Scribe himself. Our own stage either borrowed from these sources or diverged into the trivialities of Tom Robertson and H. J. Byron. No one to-day can imagine what a dreary waste the London stage was when *Our Boys* was acclaimed as a masterpiece. Men and women of intelligence had given up going to the theatre.

Enfin Malherbe vint. Ibsen came, and made us all sit up. Here was that surprising novelty, a play with a meaning, and a meaning that took a good deal of thinking about. Orthodox Victorian 'idols' (in the Baconian sense) got severely handled — the sanctities

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of matrimony, the duties of parents to children, the doctrine of truth-at-all-costs, and so on, and so on. There was a new technique too, particularly the retrospective method, — plunging into the crisis of the story and working back to beginnings, — which Ibsen took from the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and brought to a new perfection. Live characters, with a life and a human potency beyond their own, — Nora and Torvald Helmer, Hilda Wangel and Solness, Hedda Gabler, Gregers Werle, — were thick as peas. London playgoers were shocked, delighted, infuriated. The 'meaning' was soon twisted into a 'message' for all the wild men and wilder women to run loose with. In his later plays Ibsen himself became a wild mystic, and scattered symbols, as Dick Swiveller scattered tears, with a pepper pot.

The storm passed. The excitement died down. The Ibsenic influence — that is, a revivification, an intellectualization, of the theatre — lingers on. But I take Ibsen himself to be as dead as mutton. His plays belonged to the *fin de siècle*, as we used to call it. They were a Victorian reaction; and now we are reacting against 'Victorianism,' which has become as much a cant phrase as the other. The rare revivals of him in London have been hole-and-corner affairs. As I sat the other day at a revival of *A Doll's House* I felt that the main attraction was its 'curio' and old-fashion-plate side, Nora's puff sleeves and Helmer's side whiskers. The famous third act, once so electrifying, when the pair sit over a table and talk the whole case out, left us cold. We knew all that, and did n't care any more.

THE DEATH OF THE FOREST[1]

BY WLADISLAW REYMONT

'VAVRZON! Get up there! You've drunk your fill, and now you'd like to loaf like a lord while I slave away with more work to do than I shall ever get done. Raphael will be here before long to help us pack up. I expect him at any moment. Come, come, Vavrzon.'

She began to shake her husband vigorously as he lay dozing on a great heap of straw.

'Get away, woman; get away, I tell you,' grumbled Vavrzon angrily, as he turned his head toward the wall.

'We've got to get all the things out in front of the house. Then it will be easier to load them on the wagon. The wheat has n't been put into the sacks yet, and the potatoes in the barn have n't been brought out. Good heavens, there's so much work to do, and I'm almost on my last legs. And there you lie snoring, instead of helping me. Vavrzon,' she cried still louder and more angrily, 'if you don't get up — you'll see!'

'Get away from me, woman, I tell you,' answered the man sleepily. Then he turned over on his stomach, buried his face in the straw, and lay quite still, paying no attention to

[1] From the *Revue Mondiale* (Paris current-affairs semimonthly), *March* 15

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the cries and lamentations of his wife.

'Alas, poor orphan that I am; this is all the happiness I have had with that fellow. Now I've got to go away to a strange house like a beggar woman — and in weather like this, that's too bad to send a dog out into. The farmer's daughter has got to go out into the world and look for work like a vagabond woman,' whimpered Vavrzonova as she lifted some pieces of furniture and sacred images which she covered carefully and placed against the wall of the cottage. Then she paused on the threshold and looked down the muddy, gleaming road that skirted the freshly-cut forest. She was waiting for Raphael who was coming to carry their furniture off to the village, but there was no one on the road and she could see nothing but the thick mists and great puddles of water. Vavrzonova sighed deeply, blew her nose noisily, glanced once more at the cottage that she was to leave behind, and went off to the other side of the house to look for the cow. The ladder and the trough were already placed in front of the house, where there were also a yellow flower-box with some red flowers in it, some pieces of blue board, some wooden chairs, some benches, a little table on which someone had put a cross surrounded by rosaries, some pears, some sacks of potatoes, a few bundles of hay, two beds, and a number of other objects heaped up in a disorderly way. In the midst of it all lay stretched out on the earth an enormous black sow, tied by one foot to a tree.

'Sivoula! Sivoula!' murmured Vavrzonova, caressing the cow. The animal stretched her neck plaintively and began to lick the woman's bare arm. At this Vavrzonova felt the tears coming into her eyes, and turning away from the cow she went over to the front of the house to collect the chickens, flinging a handful of grain to them in order to catch them the more easily. Then, after tying their wings, she put them in a large basket, and again looked up the road. Suddenly from the direction of the village appeared the thin silhouette of a young girl.

'Hurry up, Marysia,' cried Vavrzonova with a threatening gesture. Marysia, barefoot and muffled up so completely that one could see only a bit of her face, which was livid with cold, came running up to her mother and took out of her apron a bottle of brandy, some little rolls, and a great piece of red sausage.

'Where have you been all this while? You've been wasting time with your friends, eh?'

'Oh, yes, yes, I did, it was raining so hard — but I ran like a dog, and now you say that I've been away so long! Why did n't you go yourself, or else my father?' answered the child plaintively, rubbing her feet and hands that were chilled with the cold.

'Oh, you're going to grumble, are you?' cried Vavrzonova, and rewarded her daughter with a great blow in the back. Marysia then went and crouched in front of the hearth, where a few red coals were still gleaming, and started to weep as she warmed herself, while her mother set to work again, still looking down the road anxiously. She brought out the rest of the furniture in front of the house, then crossed a little space of bare ground, uprooted a last green plant to give it to the cow, and came back again to the house, mechanically wiping away her tears as they continued to fall.

Sometimes she would stop, seize her head in her hands and moan softly, 'My God, my God!' Her heart was beating heavily with grief and fear. She did not know how she would bring herself to leave the house in which she had lived so many years.

As for Vavrzon, he continued to lie

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where he was, but he had begun to turn and toss about, rubbing his red eyes and sighing so deeply that his dog Burek kept coming up to him, scratching the man's overcoat and shaking his tail. Finally, seeing that all his efforts were in vain, Burek went and crouched down at the hearth by the side of Marysia and gazed at the burning coals. It was now almost nightfall, when Raphael arrived with a wagon drawn by two little scrawny horses.

'God be praised,' he said as he came into the cottage.

'Forever and ever, amen,' said Vavrzon, and got up. 'Greetings, old fellow, and thanks for coming.'

'Oh, it's nothing. Only it 's raining cats and dogs outside. And the roads are full of mud; and it's colder than freezing.'

'Well, then, we'll have to hurry if we expect to get to the village before night.'

'Yes, of course,' said Raphael. He put his whip in a corner of the room, rubbed his hands, then drew out of the ashes a little red coal, put it in his pipe, which had gone out, sat down on a chest that had not been taken away, and began to smoke. Vavrzonova put the bottle of brandy, the little rolls, and the sausages on the window sill.

'Vavrzon, drink with Raphael.'

'Oh, what's the good of so much trouble,' protested the peasant, sniffling eagerly the odor of garlic and of the sausage that Vavrzonova was cutting carefully. 'To your health, Raphael!'

'To yours, old fellow!'

'Come, Yagna, and drink a little too,' said Vavrzon to his wife.

Yagna turned round and drank slowly while the two peasants regaled themselves with the rolls and the sausage.

'The squire sold the forest so that he can drink champagne; now it's up to us to console ourselves with brandy. Oh, may the devils cook him in the fire of Hell, confounded wretch!'

'Oh, it's true, it's true. Now we shall have to buy everything, even a whip,' said Raphael gloomily. 'When the forest was still here we did n't need to be afraid of anything. No matter what happened, you could always gather up a few dry branches, or even a little tree. You could always have mushrooms and berries. Now and then you could kill a rabbit or a bird. And now there won't be anything any more. Oh, it's too bad, it's too bad.'

'Well, let's have one more glass. Come, Burek, eat a bit of sausage too; I hope you 're glad your master has to go out into the world after twenty years of service.'

The dog barked hoarsely, as if he had understood Vavrzon's words. Yagna leaned against the door and began to sob.

'Well, a man does n't die more than once, and when you're in somebody else's boat it's better to get out of it even if you're in the middle of the ocean,' said Raphael slowly. Then he shook his pipe, cleaned it, spat, and went outside. They all began to get things in order silently and swiftly, without even looking at one another. When everything was ready Raphael began to tie things up with cords of straw to keep them from falling out, and Vavrzon brought up the cow.

'Here, Marysia, you lead her.'

The young girl muffled herself up as well as she could and started off, leading the cow with her — though the animal made some resistance and kept turning round, lowing, toward the cottage.

'Well, let's be off,' exclaimed Raphael.

'Yes,' answered Vavrzon, and went back into the house for the last time. Yagna slipped in behind him. They looked at each other sadly, stirred up

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the straw on the floor, and aimlessly examined the walls — anything to put off the moment of separation from their old home.

'Come along, Vavrzon, let's start; it will soon be dark,' cried Raphael.

'Come, come, Yagna! It's too bad, but everything will turn out all right.' He pulled his wife after him and shut the door noisily. 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Let's be off.' He drew his overcoat about him more tightly, clenched his teeth, and started down the road. Behind him Yagna drew the great sow after her, and wept without restraint.

Vavrzon walked slowly forward, gazing with a shudder at the heaps of cut wood and the trees lying on the ground. He knew every gully here, every pathway, every clearing. For twenty years he had taken care of this forest. He had unconsciously come to feel himself bound up with it. The forest had stood out against storms, lightning, and hail, but the axe was stronger than these things and now the forest had fallen before it. He looked with a kind of wild desperation at the men working with axes and planes in their hands, at the wagons already loaded with wood, and he walked on slowly, splashing in the mud. It seemed to him as if every blow of the axe struck him himself and wounded a part of his own soul. He clenched his teeth to keep himself from falling upon the ground and crying out his grief to the whole world. The rain was coming colder and colder, more and more threatening. The scraggy birches scattered along the edges of the road were losing their last yellow leaves, and on a few dry, naked pines a flock of rooks were cawing mournfully as if lamenting that henceforth they would have no place for their nests.

This twilight melancholy, full of the heavy groans of falling trees, seemed to envelop the whole world, and penetrated the soul of Vavrzon with so much gloom and so much anger that he felt as if he must eat the stones on the road. But he shut his eyes in order to avoid seeing anything more, and walked on more and more quickly. 'A man only has to die once,' he repeated to himself, and gave a couple of vigorous kicks at some dry branches and a few belated autumn toadstools. Finally he sat down to rest a little under an old oak that had been left untouched because it bore a sacred image. It was the point that Vavrzon always reached on his inspections of the forest. It was the limit of the fields, and from here he had always gone back to the house; and now he was about to cross this sacred threshold never to come back again; he was about to become an exile! Oh, if one could only die! If one could only —

And his pain was so great that he began to groan.

'Vavrzon, come along quick! Raphael can't wait for you, and it is already getting dark.'

'Get along, old woman, or I'll kill you,' he growled furiously.

'Oh, you've drunk like a pig, and now you're going to lie down here like one, in the middle of the road.'

'Get along, woman, I tell you, or you'll be sorry for it.'

'Oh, yes, I'm going to leave you here and go and work at the house!' Then she added more gently, leaning over him with her red and swollen eyes and pulling at his sleeve, 'Oh, do come along, Vavrzon, come along!'

'Get along, I tell you, or I'll beat you like a beast.'

Yagna pulled at his sleeve a little harder. Vavrzon bounded up, struck her with a dry branch, flung her to the earth, and then seized the rope with which she had been leading the sow. Yagna got up and followed him, wailing

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at the top of her voice. Soon they both disappeared in the darkness and the mist. Only the rooks continued to wheel about the top of the oak, croaking dismally, and on the road appeared some cows coming home from pasture. One could hear the metallic tinkling of their bells and the nasal voice of the herdsman.

Then everything was silent and the world became more and more sombre and gray, hardly more than a blind, dirty, amorphous mass. Only the old oak trembled slightly, sowing its leaves on the moss. From the heart of the slaughtered forest rose a low groan, a stifled and melancholy chant: 'The forest is dead — the forest is dead.'

FIRE-FIGHTING IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH[1]

BY A QUEENSLANDER

It was early in October, the storm period of Northwestern Queensland. Mr. Keats had just completed his shearing and dispatched the wool to market. The year had been a good one. There was a dense, heavy growth of grass, which at the moment was very dry and inflammable. Clouds had risen early in the morning, and by midday heavy thunder began to boom, while jagged shafts of lightning, striking straight downward, produced the usual result, grass being set alight in several places. Everyone was on the alert, and bush telephones began ringing furiously, while messages were flashed from point to point over hundreds of miles. The lightning continuing, fresh columns of smoke, rising in every direction, indicated that fresh 'strikes' had been registered, until it seemed as if the whole countryside would be ignited.

Light showers of rain, however, began to fall, quenching many of the fires, and retarding the progress of all. As the clouds dispersed the wind blew strongly, and it was seen that south of 'Minerva' three large fires were racing furiously in a northerly direction. These were on the adjoining run, 'Sesbania.' Mr. Keats awoke to instant action. If the fires succeeded in reaching his boundary before he did, they would most certainly jump his firebreaks and set his own place going. The vision he conjured of a blackened, grassless waste on the morrow, burned fences and yards, and thousands of scorched and roasted sheep, made him shudder.

With two cars packed with men, and loaded up with fire-beaters, water, and rolls of tarred rope, he sped rapidly along his fire-plough tracks. Meanwhile many other cars were hastening in the same direction. He reached the boundary when the fires were still a few miles distant, and, hastily lighting an end each of two coils of rope, began burning back from the breaks. The fires breasted the divide, in broad fan-shaped formation, and, with the impetus of the wind, seemed likely to engulf men, cars, and all. The few minutes spent in burning back were vitally useful, and the first impact of

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate Conservative weekly), *March 27*

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the leading conflagration spent itself harmlessly. Men on the inner breaks, despite the great heat, steadily pursued their policy of burning back. The other fires now linked up, and threatened to invade the run at another point. Here, however, were other cars, with still other cars and lorries constantly arriving, and after a hot and strenuous battle of two or three hours the danger to 'Minerva' was averted. Troops of grimy fire-fighters, pleased at their easy victory, sat comfortably down to a hot supper at 10 P.M.

Shortly after there was a cry, 'The wind's changed!' And again the scene was one of wild activity. The wind now was blowing strongly in an easterly direction, and the fire was menacing other holdings. A long line of racing cars stretched out along the firebreaks. Men were deposited in twos and threes at different points, and again tarred ropes were set alight, and drawn swiftly along the inner tracks. Through the flames and drifting smoke, car- and lorry-loads of men, on the other side of the rabbit-netting fence, were seen to be in positions of great and immediate danger. Along the wings, horsemen, apparently oblivious of their own danger, were galloping in a vain attempt to save sheep and other stock jammed between fences and the advancing flames. The wind blew strongly and again changed slightly. The tail of the fire now became the lead, swinging round swiftly in a tremendous blazing curve. The burning divide lit up the country for many miles. Men and cars looking like ants were thrown into sharp relief.

Everything now depended upon the next few minutes, when the main blaze would strike the firebreaks, along a front of twenty-five miles. Fresh cars were constantly arriving, while far back along the radiating fire-ploughed tracks the whitely gleaming headlights of many others could be seen speeding to the fray. The fire, roaring loudly, swept onward with the speed of a locomotive. Often long white spears of flame would shoot ahead like burrowing comets, firing the grass hundreds of yards in front. Great bunches of star grass, collected upon the fences, were set alight and, released by the wind, went blazing overhead like fiery balloons. Fierce conflicting currents and eddies of wind, along the advancing face, churned the flames into a spiral staircase that swept skywards hundreds of feet, exploding with thunderous reports.

'She'll be here in a minute or two now,' said Mr. Keats gloomily; 'the lead's only five miles away, and I'm afraid it's a blue duck.'

Men, constantly reënforced, worked pantingly and desperately, and for miles the long line of fire along the inner tracks burned back slowly, too slowly, against the wind. Kangaroos and emus in great droves, dazed by the noise and smoke, traveled pitifully along between the two lines of fire. The swiftly approaching monster boiled over them, killing many immediately. Others, scorched and blinded, and with ears burned off, blundered again into the fire and stayed there. A distant shout, 'She's across!' was taken up, and repeated along the line of defensive fire-lighters, and miles away, on the high Downs, a fresh and menacing gleam answered the cry. Again the long strings of cars swept forward, with men tired but determined to see the fight through. One of the burning balloons had sailed across the lines, and started a new fire inside the tracks, fortunately on country well protected by firebreaks. There was a stern race between the fresh blaze and a detachment of cars along parallel tracks. Again, with great good fortune, a gang of belated fire-fighters, noting the mis-

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hap, initiated defensive measures five miles back, and the blaze merged into other fires, lighted along the firebreaks, and a fresh battle raged backward and forward for several hours.

'That's the only bit of luck we've had to-night,' said Keats elatedly. 'I think we are going to hold her now.'

Once more the fickle wind changed, and a rolling sea of fire swept south. Heavily reënforced from that quarter, men who had been working desperately all night were now able to take breathing spells. Still a stern, uncompromising battle was waged, but just before dawn the wind began to abate its violence and the fire its fierceness. By sunrise it was definitely held along its entire front, but far back behind the divide the red glare of distant flames could be seen, like a gigantic army bivouacking.

Now the fire-fighters took stock of their casualties, which fortunately were not heavy. Few had got off without minor scorchings, but three men only were badly burned, representing hospital cases. Several cars had broken down, and, most serious of all, the stocks of water had entirely disappeared. The question that agitated everyone was how the 'Sesbania' gangs had fared. Would any emerge alive from the inner inferno? There was a hasty council of war, and shortly afterward all available cars were rolling homeward, freighted with men completely exhausted by the long hot struggle, but all satisfied that they had played the game.

Later a search party was formed, and cars patrolled the still burning fires along the inner tracks, and saw that all was safe. Nothing could be done save confine them where they were and let them burn themselves out. Cars now began to return from the inner zone, bearing scorched, grimy, and thirsty men, with hair, eyebrows, and whiskers burned off. When they had drunk, and could speak, they had grim stories to tell of dead and dying sheep, and of the death screams wrung from trapped and burning horses as the fires rolled over them. Most fortunately, there had been no loss of human life, and not even a hospital case. The cars returned back along the blackened face of the beaten fire, where crows, kites, and eagles still battened everywhere on the remains. A royal banquet!

The fire, which could have been very serious, burned about five hundred thousand acres of country, fifteen thousand sheep, and many horses and cattle, not to mention thousands of wild animals. Next day, reviewing his own broad sweep of country, crowned with succulent Flinders and Mitchell grasses, and quite untouched by fire, Mr. Keats was well content.

'You worked well the other night, boys,' he said, 'and every man will get the day off on full pay, and two pounds for the night's work.' This represented double pay, and the men were well satisfied.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

FOREIGN LITERATURE IN JAPAN

At the present moment the two languages from which translations into Japanese are most considerably made are Russian and French. Contrary to the natural presumption, comparatively little translating from English is being — or, indeed, has been — done in Japan. 'The explanation of this,' says Mr. Y. Hirota in the *Japan Advertiser*, 'is simple and understandable. On account of the widespread knowledge of English, and to a lesser extent of German, in Japan, original sources are nearly always resorted to by lovers of English and German literature, and so the need for translation is minimized.' Nor is this the only consideration that discourages translation from English: the fact that many of his readers can compare his version with the original is enough to deter any but the hardiest translator from undertaking such a task. Imagine translating Milton into an Oriental tongue for readers who could check up on your faithfulness to the idiom of seventeenth-century verse!

A complete and, it is said, a surpassingly good translation from Shakespeare is being made by Dr. Shoyo Tsubouchi, who has recently added *Love's Labour's Lost* to his collection. Our Japanese is too rusty at the moment to enable us to evaluate this version even if we had copies of it in hand; we are sure that in any case it can be no worse than the French Shakespeare, and may conceivably be better. The only other English authors who have been rendered into Japanese with any completeness are Oscar Wilde and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. What a picture of the English mind these three writers must give the studious Japanese who has to trust to translations! Perhaps he manages to find a least common denominator for all three, but offhand we cannot guess what it would be. Fortunately there are enough incomplete versions from other English writers to help him to fill out the picture; Chaucer, Bunyan, Swift, Defoe, and Milton have long been accessible in part, and the great nineteenth-century novelists and poets are translated from time to time.

To American writers and literature, says Mr. Hirota, little attention is yet paid in Japan. Among the comparatively few translations already made stand out the names of Emerson, Longfellow, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Mark Twain, Poe, Jack London, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. German is only less widely known as a language than English, and as a result there is, again, less translating from it into Japanese than from some other languages; but the late Dr. Mori did a monumental work in familiarizing Japanese readers with German literature, and translated a good deal, including all of Goethe. Ibsen is the only Scandinavian writer who has been completely translated, but there are partial versions in Japanese of Ellen Key, Björnson, Hans Andersen, and others. Boccaccio, Dante, and one contemporary, d'Annunzio, have been translated from the Italian, as well as two Spaniards — Cer-

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vantes and, coming down a step or two, Señor Ibáñez.

'The complete works of five Russian writers,' says Mr. Hirota, 'have already been translated into Japanese, these being Turgenev, Tolstoi, Dostoevskii, Chekhov, and Gor'kii. Other Russian classicists, such as Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, and Vasilievitch, were translated several years ago. Interest has of late been centring in modern writers, a magazine being exclusively devoted to the publication in Japanese of contemporary Russian authors. . . . Hugo, Zola, Maupassant, Flaubert, and Arsène Lupin are Frenchmen whose complete works have been translated into Japanese. Romantic writers such as Chateaubriand and George Sand, and naturalistic writers such as Goncourt and Daudet, have been translated almost in their entirety. The Abbé Prévost, Molière, Racine, and Rousseau have not been overlooked. Anatole France and Romain Rolland are welcomed in the Japanese language side by side with other romancers, poets, and dramatists such as Pierre Loti, Balzac, Verhaeren, and Alexandre Dumas.'

The choice of books for translation is made sometimes by the translator himself, sometimes by the publishing houses acting on the advice of experts and professors of foreign languages. When a translation is completed it has to be submitted to the Metropolitan Police Board for censorship, and this ordeal is so severe that it recently resulted in the exclusion from publication of a translation of Reymont's novel, *The Peasants*, which won the Nobel Prize 'for idealistic literature.' There is no appeal from this police censorship, and as a result many pieces of literature can survive in Japan only in a maimed and disfigured state. 'Nevertheless,' says this writer, 'the tide of translation is steadily swelling, and Japan is gradually becoming acquainted through this medium with the essence of the inner life of Western peoples.'

❦

'ARROWSMITH' IN GERMANY

Babbitt is almost as well known in Germany as in England, having been translated into German very early in its literary lifetime, and its title character has assumed in German eyes those large representative proportions that he practically began with in his own country. Now Mr. Lewis's latest novel, *Arrowsmith*, has also been published in a German version, and greeted with critical enthusiasm on every hand. A writer in the *Literarische Welt* reminds his readers that the younger literary generation in America has a definitely radical orientation. 'The finest example of this,' he says, 'is Sinclair Lewis's novel, *Arrowsmith*. "The story of a doctor" its author calls it. The phrase is very much too modest. For, in this painstaking, Zolaesque account of the life of a young American doctor, one of the bitterest human struggles of our time is represented — the conflict between the pure scientist and modern life, between the disinterested investigator and a society organized around special interests, between pure reason and the practical intelligence of the capitalistic world.

'The struggle is fought out not merely between the two opposing forces: Martin Arrowsmith's worst enemy is in his own breast. Again and again he betrays his ideal of pure science for the sake of ambition, comfort, and a longing for wealth and position — but only, of course, to come back to that ideal as often as he deserts it, so that in the end it triumphs over every other motive.

'This struggle, which is described with impressive vigor, brings out

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what are perhaps the best qualities in these young Americans — the will to abide by one's resolutions, and the belief in an absolute purity of purpose which is the heritage of their Puritan ancestors, and which seems to us skeptics a somewhat metaphysical phantom. And, strangely enough, the hero whom this young fighter takes as a model is a European — his old professor, the Jew Max Gottlieb. This old man, with the rigid simplicity of an orthodox believer in his devotion to science, a mere child in practical affairs compared with the American business man, but inexorable as a patriarch in his judgment of everything that leads aside from the straight path of investigation, is one of the most grandiose figures in the literature of our epoch. Just as God the Father in the old Mysteries works invisibly behind the scenes, so this book seems to celebrate, not Arrowsmith, not a new America, but, in the figure of Gottlieb, the almost impersonal existence of pure spirit in and above — and in spite of! — this material world. With a note of distrust in science, a strangely skeptical and wistful "happy end," the book comes to a close — one of the few great artistic treatments of our century we have yet had.'

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SHAKESPEARE AND GOETHE IN WARSAW

THE present theatrical season in Warsaw, writes a correspondent to the *Neue Freie Presse*, has been marked by a notable return to the classical repertory after several years during which contemporary writers have been in the ascendant. At almost the same time, Shakespeare and Goethe were brought back to the Polish stage, *Othello* being produced at the Polish Theatre and *Faust* at the People's Theatre. Shakespeare has been a traditional author at the former playhouse, but the war period marked an interregnum in the production of his plays. The effect of several years' abandonment showed itself in the acting of the chief rôles: 'even so extraordinary an actor as Junosza-Stempowski, who played the title rôle, failed to achieve an unexceptionable interpretation of the Shakespearean Moor.'

Even greater excitement attended the production of *Faust*, which had not been seen in Warsaw for almost fifty years. Unluckily, the management of the People's Theatre decided not to use the traditional — and, it seems, excellent — Polish version of Goethe's drama, and a translation expressly made for the revival was substituted for it. There ensued what this writer calls a 'Faust War' in the Warsaw press, a controversy rendered particularly lively by the fact that most of the dramatic critics of the Polish capital are writers of Austrian extraction who know German literature at first hand and with the familiarity of schoolday training.

In spite of this little unpleasantness, — which indeed probably only added to the *réclame* of the revival, — the People's Theatre performance was accepted as, in itself, an achievement of the first order. Here too, however, the unfamiliarity of the Polish actor with the demands of the classic repertory revealed itself in certain inadequacies of interpretation. 'The title rôle was played by Herr Wengrzyn, a highly popular "star" who formerly played Don Juan in the Spanish drama with conspicuous success. An excellent master of declamation, he nevertheless fell short of fulfilling all the demands of the rôle on the intellectual side. In the work of Herr Leszczynski, who played Mephistopheles, it was easy to see how little value, as a preparation for Goethean rôles, there is in an ever so perfect devil of the Molnar type.'

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THE SUPPRESSION OF SWEARING

SOME romantics have lamented that the amenities of modern life have made swearing an archaic art, and that the few expressions of a blasphemous or indecent sort that survive are tame and lifeless ones. These people will be pleased — and displeased — to hear that swearing still flourishes with sufficient vitality in Spain to warrant the organization there of a society for its suppression. 'In many towns of Spain,' says a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*, 'one may see notices that persons using blasphemous language are liable to fines of a few pesetas; but the payment of these fines is never enforced. . . . On Sunday last, before a large assembly of distinguished members of Madrid society, a well-known writer lectured on the subject of blasphemy — the attempts made by Spain in the course of her history to repress it, the serious effects it has on the minds of the people, and the desirability that strong measures should be taken to stamp it out.'

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GOR'KII'S NEWEST ROMANCE

'MAKSIM GOR'KII, in a villa set amid palms and almond blossoms, overlooking the blue sweep of Naples Bay,' says a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, 'is working at an ambitious romance of contemporary scenes and manners. The book, in fact, will provide a chronicle of events from 1890 to the present day. In it will be traced the life story of a man, the Explorer, — "Izsledovatel," as the book will be entitled, — so as to show the counterplay of his mentality in the two worlds of pre-war and war-time years, with the further repercussions on his mind caused by the outbreak and development of the Russian Revolution. But the effect of these crises will not only be interpreted through their influence on the book's leading character; they will also find interpretation in a general human sense. The plot will also have some of its development in Italy, and Italians are looking forward with special eagerness to the sketches of southern life that will be included in the works. This new romance will be published by Gosisdat, the publishing house of the Soviet Republic.

'Gor'kii, like so many Russians, has a special love for Naples and the *Campania felix*. At the Villa Gallotti he has surrounded himself with a small group of fellow countrymen, and to all others save a few intimate friends he keeps the gates of the villa courteously but resolutely closed. In any case, his whole energies just now are concentrated on the completion of his new romance, and in the intervals of his work he prefers to wander without the interruption of admirers or the curious, mind free, by the shores of Posilipo.'

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A MOZART DISCOVERY

A SYMPHONY in G major by Mozart which, though mentioned in the catalogue of his works by Koechels, has long been believed to be lost, was recently discovered at the Benedictine Abbey at Lambach in Upper Austria by the librarian in overhauling the Abbey's musical archives. The cover of the original manuscript bears the inscription, 'Dono Authoris 4 Jan. 1769,' and the symphony is supposed by musical critics to have been composed by the young Mozart in the autumn of 1769 — that is, at the age of eleven! It consists of three movements, allegro maestoso, andante, and presto, and has the simple instrumentation of the period — a number of violins, two oboes, and two horns.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The International Anarchy, 1904–1914, by G. Lowes Dickinson. London: Allen and Unwin; New York: The Century Company. $3.50.

[C. E. M. Joad in the *Daily Herald*]

In reviewing C. E. Montague's novel, *Rough Justice*, 'Phi' remarked on the curious coincidence that the only two books about the war which will live — one a novel and the other a book of memoirs (those of Colonel House) — had appeared within the same week. Had he read *The International Anarchy* he might have made his coincidence still more striking by adding a third, for, as a survey of the causes which led to the late war, Lowes Dickinson's book is likely to become a classic. Setting out to accomplish two different objects, it succeeds triumphantly in both. In the first place it gives us a survey of the foreign policies of the Great Powers in the thirty years that preceded the Great War. The method here is purely historical. Picking his way through a maze of treaties, dispatches, conferences, private letters, and public pronouncements, the writer presents us with a coherent plan of the innumerable strands that were woven into the complex fabric of European diplomacy.

As the narrative reaches the three weeks before war came, the interest grows, although, in the writer's view, their importance has been overstressed. Mr. Lowes Dickinson even apologizes for continuing the narrative up to the outbreak of war: 'For years the States of Europe have been drifting down the rapids of their own purposes and passions. They have now reached Niagara, and at this point we might arrest our study without any loss to the truth we are driving home.'

For it is not to be supposed that Mr. Lowes Dickinson has undertaken this onerous task from sheer disinterested pleasure in historical research. He wishes to point a moral and to teach a lesson, and the lesson is this: The war was not due to the peculiar wickedness of any man, men, country, or group of countries, but to the existence of a system. This system, which the author calls the international anarchy, is that of independent, armed States whose foreign policy is inspired by the single motive of as much self-aggrandizement as is compatible with self-security. It is the fact that each State plays for its own hand every time and all the time, the one restraining consideration being fear of other States, which convicts all aspirations for peace and disarmament of fundamental insincerity, makes the object of a European conference the concerting of a crime that every member has an equal interest in committing, and that of armaments the rendering your enemy more afraid of you than you are of your enemy.

Mr. Lowes Dickinson shows the hypocrisy of the plea that armaments are required for defense by pointing out that if no State maintained armaments there could be no need of armaments on the part of other States to protect themselves against armaments that do not exist. State A urges that its armaments are for defense; but no other State believes it. State B does not believe it; therefore State B establishes armaments to protect itself against State A. State A must then increase its armaments to protect itself against the new menace from B. State B then — and so on *ad infinitum*.

I hope that young men now growing to maturity will read this book. I do not see how it is possible to deny its conclusions, or how, accepting them, to continue to support the system of international lunacy that is again already under way.

The Sacred Tree, by Lady Murasaki. Being the Second Part of *The Tale of Genji*. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. London: Allen and Unwin; Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

The second of the six volumes in which Mr. Waley has promised to give us the whole of *The Tale of Genji* does not fail to confirm the impression made by the first. The Lady Murasaki's work, written at the commencement of the eleventh century, is clearly one of the great pieces of fiction. The skill and grace of Mr. Waley's translation are evident enough; the prose of this second volume is a constant delight. At the request of some of his readers Mr. Waley has added an introduction, which is both illuminating and witty, dealing with fiction in Japan before Murasaki and with her methods as a novelist.

The first volume left off at Genji's second marriage with the niece of Fujitsubo. The second opens with his final parting from Rokujō, his former mistress; and the first few pages immedi-

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ately give us a taste of Murasaki's quality as a novelist. It is not merely their vitality and their outward freedom of expression — rarities in the whole of Japanese literature — that hold the reader; it is the combination of that un-Japanese freedom with a sensibility as delicate and as surprising as can easily be found in Japanese lyric poetry. Genji's sentiments are stirred and his passion is revived by the parting; from embarrassment and indifference the lovers pass to a last tender enchantment, which is followed in turn by regrets and tears. The whole scene bears a truthfulness, lifted to poetry by the exchange of simple but almost sacramental verses, that lays bare the humanity and the living romance beneath the formal texture of the narrative. Not mere literary convention, but the depth and refinement of Murasaki's art, produce a symmetry of mood and incident in which each imaginative detail appears as an intricate pattern. The moon, the starlit sky, dawn, autumn flowers, a trail of wisteria blossom, the incense of cloves and sandalwood, the evening mist, snow on the trees, 'the mournful fluting of the wind in the pines' — these serve not merely to reveal the novelist's delight in nature, but to heighten the beauty and dignify the adventure she evokes in the very human and rather frustrated lives of her characters.

Odtaa, by John Masefield. London: Heinemann; New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

[*Morning Post*]

Mr. John Masefield has certainly hit upon new ideas for fiction in *Odtaa*, the scene of which is laid in a Latin-American republic called Santa Barbara, the political and economic geography thereof being described in the first chapter. It is a State still in the stage of revolutionary politics, where bullets are ballots, and the spoils go to the victors, and a Government, if it feels itself strong enough, may try to wipe out the Opposition. Reds versus Whites in Santa Barbara has resulted in favor of the former, the Clerical and Conservative Party lacking a strong man to lead it either in peace or war, and the Dictator, López Zubiaga, who is the head of the Radical and anti-Clerical Party, is preparing the annihilation of his opponents. He goes mad, and becomes more than a second Caligula, demanding to be worshiped as God Almighty — 'thy God López' — in the churches and cathedrals. A tremendous personality, evil through and through, who will remind the student of South American history of a real López, Dictator in Paraguay, whose maniacal wars brought about the almost complete destruction of the male population in his oppressed country!

Highworth Ridden ('Hi' throughout the story) is a young Englishman with a genius for engineering, sent by his father, who hates railway-builders and the like, to Santa Barbara to sink or swim. He has no sooner arrived in the capital of the State than he is caught in the political maelstrom.

[E. O. Hoppé in the *Bookman*]

He undertakes a difficult and dangerous journey, through a country where the 'Inglays with cattripes' is detested, to take news of the imprisonment of a wonderful girl, Carlotta, to her lover, Manuel, the last descendant of the Conquistador, who afterward becomes the benign ruler of Santa Barbara. His adventures as a knight-errant form the substance of an exciting narrative, which justifies the title of the story ('One Damned Thing after Another,' from the American humorist's definition of life). He fails, and the divine Carlotta is done to death, like many other notable men and women of the White Party. Carlotta is an impressive creation, and we should like to have seen more of her. That is the weak point of a story which challenges comparison with Conrad's *Nostromo*. López and Carlotta and Manuel, the personages in whom we are most deeply interested, are thrust into the background as soon as we have met them. Yet the novel — it is called so in a quite unnecessary subtitle — insists on being read at a sitting, and contains many powerful and poetic passages which only Mr. Masefield could have written.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh. Edited by Lady Raleigh. New York: The Macmillan Company. 2 vols. $7.00.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Sixty-Four, Ninety-Four! The Crime at Vanderlynden's, by R. H. Mottram. New York: The Dial Press. 1925–26. $2.50 each.

One must begin by recalling the first of Mr. Mottram's war trilogy, *The Spanish Farm*, supplying as it does in form and substance the key to what follows. In the earlier book Madeleine Vanderlynden, a French peasant, wrests from the fortunes of war the preservation of herself and her home. Strong of purpose, cool and acquisitive, she toils, behind the lines, in Paris and in Amiens, and eventually on the very brink of the trenches, compromising when necessary, but never relinquishing her primary love of her man and her land. Such an existence, superficially observed by many, has been seldom understood with such comprehension as Mr. Mottram's. Of the book Mr. Galsworthy has found 'chronicle' to be the best single description. A chronicle, then, of the French peasant in war, subject as needs be to the occasional whim of fiction.

The form and some of this substance is reproduced in the second book, *Sixty-Four, Ninety-Four!* Here is the saga of the civilian soldiery. As the shadow of Lieutenant Geoffrey Skene, formerly an architect, we meet those sturdy Englishmen recruited from 'varsity, professions, and business who fused their strength in Kitchener's mob; we share the experiences of an officer in and out of the line, at Divisional Headquarters and on leave, each character, each episode, veritable and so 'composite' that a veteran may read into them his own identifications and recognize reality.

The fact that the Spanish Farm lay in a sector occupied by the English links this chronicle with its predecessor, affords an opportunity for a vicarious and rather doubtful friendship between Madeleine and Skene, and enables us to see with the Lieutenant's eyes further evidence of her — and France's — tenacious integrity. Add to this Skene's philosophy, honest and typical, and we have in the two volumes a personal and picturesque record of these peoples at war. The *raison d'être* of the third volume, *The Crime at Vanderlynden's*, is far to seek. It is partially apparent when the author unravels the confused incident with which the chronicle begins and brings into sharp, deliberate contrast the conflicting temperaments of the French and English allies.

A trivial act of sacrilege — its description a masterly passage — is committed at the Spanish Farm, and the Vanderlyndens' prompt complaint, passing through innumerable bureaus, gathers sufficient red tape to involve one officer for the duration and eventually to force itself upon both G. H. Q.'s and the French Chamber. For this second purpose, this thrust at officialdom, Lieutenant Dormer is made the protagonist. Formerly a bank clerk, he proves a gray, automatic fellow whose introspection is oddly out of place. Chiefly he is valuable for his presence in certain distinctive pictures, delicious for their irony. But his shortcomings strain the narrative and bring to light flaws hitherto concealed; the record becomes monotonous, the course of war incoherent, the criticism of High Command supercilious.

Carping aside, veterans will read all the books and be thankful, but generally what remains in mind is the admirable, living fact of Madeleine in the midst of her English defenders.

My Apprenticeship, by Beatrice Webb. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1926. $5.00.

Born into the family of a great Victorian industrialist and freethinker, brought up to take her place in the London society of the seventies and eighties, Beatrice Potter turned the tables on her manifest destiny by becoming a sociological investigator, a statistician, and the wife of one of the foremost English Socialists. In this 'spiritual autobiography' she records her experiences down to the time when, in her early thirties, she met and married Sidney Webb. It is a story of resolute struggle to understand a bewildering environment and to find a personal rôle to play in it. Engaging as it is on its purely private side, and animated as it is with portraits of some of her eminent contemporaries, — of whom Herbert Spencer was the chief, both in worldly fame and in personal influence, — *My Apprenticeship* is primarily interesting as the story of an important intellectual era seen through the eyes of one of its leading actors.

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